

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE



A
HISTORY
WRITTEN
FOR BOYS

BY
WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE





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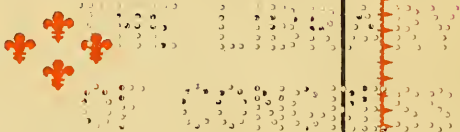
Napoleon Bonaparte

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By
William C. Sprague

Editor of "The American Boy"

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ILLUSTRATED

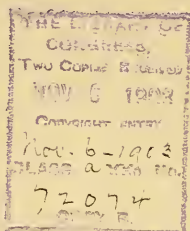


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PREFACE

AT first thought it may seem that there is little excuse for a new Life of Napoleon. A little consideration and investigation, however, will develop the fact that few if any attempts have been made to write the story of "The Little Corporal" in a way to interest boys and at the same time to present the salient points of the life truthfully and impartially in small compass. Whether I have succeeded in doing this to the boy's satisfaction he will have to be the judge.

In the writing of the story I have had recourse to the many books dealing with the subject, both friendly and unfriendly to the "Man of Destiny," and have tried to take a conservative, middle course in my treatment of it. I am convinced, first, last and all the time, that out of the turmoil and strife, the error and sin, the inordinate ambition and the folly of the days of the great Revolution, God has wrought much for the betterment of France and of the world at large.

PREFACE

I owe much to the works of Scott, Lockhart, Abbott, The Berkely Men and others for data, and in the use of it trust that I have not overstepped the bounds of good usage and good conscience.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.

October 1, 1903.

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Napoleon Bonaparte

CHAPTER I.

CORSICA AND THE CORSICANS — NAPOLEON'S
PARENTAGE AND BIRTH — HIS CHILDHOOD
— AT SCHOOL AT AUTUN — AT SCHOOL AT
BRIENNE — AT SCHOOL AT PARIS

IN the sunny Mediterranean, one hundred and six miles southeast of Nice on the coast of France, ninety-eight miles south of Genoa, where Christopher Columbus was born, and fifty-four miles west of Tuscany, lies a rocky island known as Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte. The island is not much larger than the State of Connecticut, and nine-tenths of it is uncultivated. Wild and forbidding mountains traverse it from end to end, some of whose peaks carry the eternal snows. Its lowlands are carpeted with luxuriant and

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varied vegetation, and its uplands are clothed with magnificent forests.

Few countries of the size of Corsica have produced more illustrious characters, or witnessed more thrilling achievements than has she. War was ever the principal occupation of her inhabitants. Scarcely a generation of Corsicans but has heard the tocsin ring. Their fight has not been the fight of aggressors but the fight of men and women battling for their homes and their lives, falling prey to each succeeding world power — a very shuttlecock on the battledore of fate. This has had much to do with creating Corsican character — revengeful, ferocious, liberty-loving, hospitable, simple of manners.

In early days the Phocæans (an Asiatic people) settled here, but were compelled later to submit to the Etruscans, and then to the Carthagenians. The all-conquering Romans wrested it from the latter and used it as a place of banishment, and here the old Roman philosopher Seneca was compelled to spend eight years of his life. Then came the Vandals, Byzantines, Ostragoths, Franks, Saracens, Pisans, Genoese, and finally the French.

Modern history first finds the Corsicans fighting for independence against the Genoese.

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In 1735 the former were triumphant, proclaimed their independence, and declared that the people were the only source of the laws. Corsica now became a little democracy, broken up into village communities that were self-ruling, but all united in a confederation for mutual protection and defence. Considering the fact that the nations of Europe had at this time almost without exception despotic governments and were ruled by hereditary kings, we wonder at seeing on this little island not only the seeds but the growing plant of freedom and equality.

Corsican history is full of the bravery of this little people surrounded on all sides by enemies, and fighting, generation after generation, for their homes and their rights. But our story has not so much to do with Corsica as it has to do with Corsica's greatest son, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Genoa ceded Corsica to France August 6, 1764, at a time when she had nothing to cede, and France at once set out to take possession of her new territory. The Corsicans resisted, but were unable to defend themselves against the tremendous odds, and on June 12, 1769, the island became a part of France. Just two months and three days later, August 15th,

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Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, a port town of Corsica, and hence escaped but a few days being born an alien. Dumas, the great French writer, says: "The new-born child breathed the air that was hot with civil hates, and the bell which sounded his baptism still quivered with the tocsin."

By blood, the young Napoleon was Italian. The name Bonaparte appears in the annals of the early Italian states, and often with distinction. His immediate ancestors were said to have come from Tuscany. His father, Charles Bonaparte, married, at the age of eighteen, Letitia Ramolino, a Corsican girl of fifteen, distinguished for her beauty, high spirit, intelligence, judgment, common sense, inflexible courage, frugality, industry, loftiness and energy of character. Charles Bonaparte was a handsome, high-spirited man, a lawyer by profession, his degree in law having been taken in Italy. The family were not rich, and neither were they poor. They were looked upon as among the people of gentle blood and, as we shall see later, when Napoleon made application for admission to a military school, he was able to trace his nobility back through three generations, as required of an applicant.

Napoleon was one of thirteen children born

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to Charles and Letitia Bonaparte. Those who grew to manhood and womanhood were Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Caroline, and Pauline.

After the war between France and Corsica ended, General Marboeuf, who became the French Governor of Corsica, made the home of Charles Bonaparte his favorite resort, and afterwards this French count was of assistance to Napoleon when the latter came to seek a military education. Through the influence of General Marboeuf, Napoleon's father was made assessor of the high court of Ajaccio and a member of the council of Corsican nobles; later he became a representative of these nobles at the court of King Louis of France.

We, of course, want to know something about Napoleon's childhood. The child being father to the man, perhaps we can find some explanation of his wonderful career in the conditions of his early life. We have seen that he was one of a number of children, and that the home was not a home of ease and idleness. The little Napoleon had no doubt his share of the work to do. How well he did it we are left only to surmise from the nature of the man into which he developed. He says of himself that he was not a good-natured boy and that he

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was inclined to be morose and quarrelsome; that he was always getting into trouble with his brothers. We can almost venture to guess that he was inclined to be imperious and want his own way, which does not always make a boy popular nor conduce to peace. He must have been something of a warrior from the beginning. But how could he well have been otherwise? The blood of warriors was in his veins.

His father, and his father's father, had followed the Corsican patriots into the field and fought for home and country. It is said that even his mother, a very short time before his birth, followed the troops in the campaign against the French invader. In his boyhood he hated France, the country of which later he was to be the idol. The atmosphere about him was filled with war. He heard nothing but the stories of fights, of plots and counterplots, of wrongs and of rebellion. No wonder he longed for a military education, the highest education then known, fit only for the sons of nobles. Historians all tell us that the toy which he most prized was a little brass cannon weighing thirty pounds. This toy he planted on mimic batteries thrown up among the rocks, and there he pretended he was a Corsican army defending his country from the hated Frenchmen. There

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are indications that he early dreamed that some day he would rise like Paoli, the Corsican hero of whom his father must have told him, drive the Frenchmen from his native shores and bring back the days of Corsican independence.

There was one member of the family whom we must not forget. He is known in Napoleon's Memoirs as "Uncle Fesch." Napoleon's grandmother married a second husband, an army officer by the name of Fesch, and from this union came a son Joseph, who was the Uncle Fesch of history. From Uncle Fesch Napoleon learned his alphabet.

There are two spots in Corsica near together that tourists visit; one is the house in which Napoleon was born, a yellowish-gray plastered house of three stories, which still remains. In it is a small room, with two windows, a cupboard in the wall, and a marble chimney-place, in which Napoleon was born; the other is a place about a mile from Ajaccio, which was the summer home of the Bonapartes. Here is a sort of a summer-house under a rock which stands out in full view of the sea. Napoleon, as a boy, loved to play here, and later as a young man he brought his books to this spot, and lay looking out on the sea and

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dreaming the wonderful dreams so soon to become realities.

In his sixth year Napoleon was sent to a "dame's school;" and we now begin to see him developing the traits of character that afterwards distinguished him. At this school he did what many another little boy has done — fell in love with a little girl; her name was Giacomietta. Frequently they were seen walking hand in hand. Napoleon was a handsome boy, but he was careless about his dress, and this latter fact is indicated by a little couplet that mischievous boys in the school composed and called out to him whenever they saw the youthful lovers together:

"Napoleon with his stockings half off
Makes love to Giacomietta."

Now the time has come, so important in a boy's life, when the young Napoleon must leave home to get an education. It was the ambition of every French boy at that time to attend a military school, but it was not possible for every French boy to do so, as these schools were largely reserved for the rich and the nobility. Napoleon did not belong to a rich family, but he was able to trace his nobility through several

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generations. He wanted to enter the military school at Brienne, a town in France, and now it was fortunate that the family had the friendly aid of General Marboeuf, for it was through him that the application of young Napoleon was made and accepted. This was in the year 1776, when he was a little under seven years of age and the very year in which the American colonies declared their independence of Great Britain. The boy had another difficulty to overcome, for he could not speak French; at least, he did it only imperfectly, for, as we have learned, his family and their neighbors were Italians. So before going to Brienne, he was sent to school to the Bishop of Autun, and he himself leaves evidence in his writings that his parting with his mother gave him great grief, and that through all his life he remembered how sad he felt on that occasion.

We are told that at the school at Autun he was a thoughtful and gloomy boy; we need not think this strange when we remember how young he was and that he was away from home for the first time in his life, in a strange land among boys whose language he did not understand. The boys nicknamed him, and made fun of his origin. The little island of

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Corsica was despised by them, for it had only been a part of the French domain a few years and its inhabitants were even then scarcely conquered. Probably young Napoleon incurred the enmity of his schoolmates by his loyalty to his native land and to his people. If so, all honor to him!

Paoli, the great Corsican leader under whom his father had fought, was a hero in the boy's eyes. He could hear nothing said of Paoli or his countrymen without becoming angry and taking up their cause. Most of the boys with whom he associated were the sons of nobles, and many of them were supplied with better clothing, better furnishings, and more money than he had. They made fun of his poverty; they taunted him with not having as good blood in his veins as they had; and we have a record of his replying to one of them, "I would rather be the son of a peasant than descended from any of the petty tyrants of Italy." Some one said in his presence, "The Corsicans are a lot of cowards," and his reply was, "Had you French been but four to one against us you would never have conquered us, but you were ten to one." His teacher then said, "But you had a good general, Paoli."

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“Yes,” replied the boy, “and I would like to resemble him.”

Napoleon says of himself that at this time he was headstrong, that nothing overawed him or disconcerted him, that he was quarrelsome, mischievous, and afraid of no one. But this temperament was not the result of bad training, for his mother had been very particular about his conduct — that mother of whom he once, when he had grown to manhood, exclaimed, “Ah, what a woman! Where look for her equal?”

On May 12, 1779, Napoleon left Autun, and seven days later, at about ten years of age, entered the military school of Brienne. He says of himself: “On entering Brienne I was delighted. My head began to ferment. I wanted to learn, to know, to distinguish myself. I devoured the books that came in my way.” The teachers in this school were incompetent monks. His schoolmates were proud, idle, extravagant young aristocrats, most of them the sons of nobles. Here the experience he had at Autun was repeated. The boys made fun of his father’s being a lawyer and reviled his mother.

Everything conspired against him. In personal appearance he was pitifully thin, short,

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awkward. He was poor, and, what was more, he was bashful. He had come from a country where the people had learned to rule themselves and where there was equality of right, into an atmosphere of servile submission to inherited rank. Despised and neglected, he became moody and discontented and withdrew from society. Alone with his books, he studied and planned how some day, despite the unequal chances, he would make these proud fellows bow the knee. He studied hard, particularly in mathematics, and the records of the school at Brienne show that he stood first in that study. This, too, no doubt, created jealousies that made matters hard for him. He stood fairly well in history and geography, but Latin and German and ornamental branches he disliked.

Every student in the school received a bit of ground for his own use, and by some means Napoleon got the use of not only his own but of two others, the whole of which he hedged in, and here in seclusion he studied and dreamed. The more he withdrew himself from the society of the boys the less did they leave him alone. They followed him about calling him by his nicknames. Often he would remain silent, but at times with bursts of anger he

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would break out and defy them single-handed. Instead of compelling him by their taunts and abuses to ape their manners and despise his country and his countrymen, it drove him into that very state of mind which prompted him later to do the things that have made him famous. It gave him a hungering for distinction, not the kind of distinction that birth gives, but the kind that is won by work. Having felt the abuse of the slanderer he came to have a deep dread of disgrace and love of fame that would enable him to overcome inequalities of station. He learned to hate the nobility and to espouse the cause of the poor and the downtrodden. At times he broke out in torrents of invective against that minister of France who had brought war upon Corsica. To some one who had spoken slightly of Paoli he cried out, "Paoli was a great man; he loved his country. I will never forgive my father for his share in uniting Corsica to France. He should have followed Paoli," meaning that when Paoli refused to surrender to the French at the end of the war and left the island his father should have gone with him.

Notwithstanding the treatment his fellow students visited upon him he compelled their respect at times, and so it has been and always

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will be with the boy who goes straight ahead and does his duty. In the school it was the custom to give each boy in turn charge for a certain time of the conduct of other boys. On such occasions when young Napoleon was chosen to take charge he never tattled. Then, too, he was brave, and when an opportunity arose requiring a strong, brave heart Napoleon became a hero even among those who affected to despise him.

One winter Napoleon suggested that the students engage in mimic war. A snow fort was built, and Napoleon, first at the head of the defenders and then at the head of the attacking party, displayed something of the wonderful generalship that afterwards distinguished him. He studied his plan of attack or his plan of defence as a general would map out a real campaign. His imperious nature showed itself in the mimic attack on the snow fort when with a chunk of ice he knocked a boy down who disobeyed his orders. Afterwards, at Paris, when Napoleon was attending a higher military school, his biographers tell us that he was often seen at night in the fort drawing plans of attack and defence.

At another time, while at Brienne, the boys of the school had been refused permission to

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attend a fair which was being held in the neighborhood. Marshaling a number of the students together, he led them in an attempt to undermine the wall around their yard in order to effect their escape.

These incidents may, perhaps, be laid to boyish love of adventure, but they all indicated the uncurbed, imperious nature of the boy. Such a boy could not surrender his prejudices. He would not truckle or bow down to unjust authority. He was the kind of a boy to clench his fists and grind his teeth and vow, in the solitude of his room, undying hatred of shams and pretenses. He would stamp his feet with impatience that the time was coming so slowly when he could show these boastful aristocrats that even without title and without wealth, a poor and despised Corsican, he would some day cause them to tremble. "I hope," he said, "some day to give Corsica her freedom," and he made every hour of his student life bend to the attainment of this ambition.

His nature as a boy was a strange mixture of good and evil. While he was unsocial, quarrelsome, imperious, headstrong, and at times even savage toward his fellows, he was submissive, upright, thoughtful, exemplary, industrious, obedient in his deportment toward

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his teachers. He read almost constantly, and the books that he read were such books as "Plutarch's Lives" and the poetry of Ossian, books filled with stories of heroes, men of giant courage who did great things. He refused to borrow money, notwithstanding that he was poor and suffered the taunts of his fellow students by reason of his poor clothes. We even hear of his writing home to his father, in his despair entreating him to take him away from the school or give him enough to support himself. His refusal to borrow was a noble one. "I have no right," he said, "to add to the burdens of my mother by borrowing money that I may not be able to repay."

He declaimed against the luxury of the young men about him who idled away their time and dressed and lived extravagantly. He denounced the French system of military education, even writing a letter to his instructors in which he drew a contrast between the sort of education the boys of France were getting and that which the Spartan youth enjoyed. Being reproved for his ingratitude as a pensioner of the king, for the schools were supported by the king's bounty, he broke out in furious indignation. "Silence!" said the gentleman at

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whose table he was sitting. "It ill becomes you who are educated by the king's bounty, to speak as you do." The boy was nearly stifled with rage, and turning red and pale by turns, he cried out, "I am not educated at the king's expense but at the expense of the nation," and by "nation" he meant the people who paid the taxes to support the royal bounties. In his letter to the head of the school decrying against the luxury of the young nobles, he said no man could be fitted for military life without habits of independence. He advised that the young men be obliged to clean their own rooms, groom their own horses, and inure themselves to hardship. "If I were King of France," he cried, "I would change this state of things very quick."

It was the custom every year to select three of the best scholars from each of the twelve provincial military schools to be sent to Paris to the higher school. It fell to the good fortune of Napoleon five years after his entering the school at Brienne to be thus selected for promotion, and on the 30th of October, 1784, he entered Paris as a student — that Paris that afterwards was to cry "Vive l'Empereur!" in a frenzy of joy at sight of him.

In an old manuscript which belonged to the

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then minister of war, in an article under the head, "School of Brienne," appears the following: "Bonaparte, five feet, six and one-half inches. Good constitution. Health excellent. Character mild, honest, grateful. Conduct exemplary. He has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics. Understands history and geography tolerably well. Is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies. Would make an excellent sailor. Deserves to be passed on to the school at Paris."

On Napoleon's certificate which was furnished him on his graduation from Brienne, was written these words: "Character masterful, imperious, and headstrong." His old history teacher, in a list of his scholars, wrote: "Napoleon Bonaparte — a Corsican by birth and character — he will do something great, if circumstances favor him." Hear this prophecy and then turn to the words of Lockhart, the historian, "Napoleon was the greatest actor the world has known since the time of Cæsar. He moved over the earth as a meteor traverses the sky, astonishing and startling all by the suddenness and brilliancy of his career. The earth will feel his power till its last cycle shall have been

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run." Thus did his old master see the man in the boy.

Of Napoleon's course in the school at Paris we know but little. We hear once of his having written disrespectfully of the king and of his being ordered to burn the letter. One says of him at Paris, "He showed a great memory and great judgment, and here his mind appeared to those about him to have been molded in an antique cast."

In August, 1785, when at the age of sixteen, he was examined by the celebrated mathematician, La Place, he obtained the brevet of a second lieutenant of artillery in the regiment of La Fere. He at once joined the regiment which at that time was stationed at Valence. He and a comrade started from Paris to join the regiment, and on the way their money gave out, compelling them to make the remainder of their journey on foot. Joining his regiment, he was almost immediately promoted to the first lieutenancy. He was now in the army of France, enrolled under the banner of King Louis XVI., and in the path that was so soon to lead to almost unparalleled glory.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

LEAVING Bonaparte, the sixteen-year-old lieutenant of artillery, with his regiment at Valence, let us take a glance at the condition of France at that time — that France which was about to become the theatre of the most terrible drama the world has ever seen. It can only be a glance because history moved wonderfully fast near the close of the eighteenth century, and the space at our command is limited. Still something must be said of the great French Revolution and the causes that led up to it, or we shall fail to understand much that we shall hereafter read.

At just about the time when the American colonies were engaged in a war with the mother country to rid themselves of the burdens of unjust taxation and to set up for themselves a free and independent government of which liberty and equality should be the watchwords,

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the French people were manifesting an impatience with their king and giving signs of the approach of that time when they should throw off the rule of a sovereign whose right to rule lay solely in the fact that he was the descendant of a king, and declare for the principles of democracy. Indeed, within seventeen years from the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence the head of Louis XVI. dropped from the block, to be followed soon after by that of his queen, Marie Antoinette, and the rule of kings and queens in France, at least for a time, was at an end.

The French Revolution did not come in a moment. There was warning enough if men had stopped to think. When the storm burst the world stood in amazement at its fury, but the clouds had been gathering for many years. A great change had been coming over the disposition of the people of France toward royalty; and when we say "people" we mean the masses of the population aside from the nobles and the high church officials. Perhaps no people in Europe had been for centuries more loyal to their rulers than were the French. Their loyalty was even of an unreasoning kind. They were ready to suffer any burdens if by doing so they could add to the glory of their

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king. They paid heavy taxes. They impoverished themselves. They gave their children to fight in war. They seemed to find compensation enough for it all in seeing magnificent palaces arise on every side and in witnessing the pomp and glory of royal display.

But a change had finally come. First, whispered criticism, then murmurs of complaint, then remonstrance and protest, and finally open revolt and insurrection. Taxes grew heavier and heavier, and still there was not enough money in the royal treasury to meet the extravagant expenditures made in keeping up the royal show. And what seems strange to us in this enlightened day, the common people, the burghers in the small towns, the small traders, and the farmers paid all the taxes, while the nobles and the clergy, for whom the bulk of the taxes were levied, paid none. Knowing this fact alone, we are led to wonder that the ancient system lasted as long as it did.

But there were other causes of discontent. For fifty years prior to the reign of Louis XVI. the French armies had been defeated on every side and had lost spirit. France had been forced to give Canada to England. The soldiers were now joining in the popular cry against the privileged classes. The common

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soldier could never expect to be an officer, or if an officer, could never rise to a position higher than that of captain. The chief positions in the army were reserved for the nobles and were filled by the king's appointment, and generally went to his poverty-stricken favorites among the nobility.

The church had become corrupt. The higher offices in the church were given to young nobles, many of whom were without pretense of piety, while the lower offices were held by priests and curates on poor pay who could never hope to rise above their station. There was, therefore, dissatisfaction and dissension in that one part of the nation in which we would last expect to see discontent. Religion itself had fallen into disrepute. With the quarrelings among the churchmen themselves and the errors that had crept into church doctrines and dogmas, men turned their backs upon religion and declared the whole thing to be a lie. France became frightfully infidel. Men openly blasphemed God and ridiculed His church. As a result the grossest immorality flourished. Men and women became vulgar. The literature of the day was corrupted.

It came to be the style, too, for writers and speakers to talk prettily about liberty and

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equality — words that Frenchmen had never before thoroughly understood. The king and the nobles, who had the most to fear from these words, at first took them as a joke, listened and applauded, not thinking that the ideas behind these words were making their way into the hearts and minds of men; and not dreaming that soon these words would be sung in the blood-red streets of Paris to the stirring music of *The Marseillaise*. When they woke up to the truth and tried to mend matters it was too late.

The French officers and private soldiers who had volunteered to cross the ocean to fight for American independence, such men as Lafayette and Rochambeau, returned to France as heroes. They had helped to set a people free from the rule of King George of England. Why could they not help to set another people free from the rule of King Louis of France? Wherever these soldiers went they became the centres of interest and influence.

As a result of this discontent, this newborn spirit of debate and discovery, clubs began to form in every part of France where the most violent revolutionary language was freely used. Paris itself took the lead in complaining of the unjust taxes imposed by the king and the

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burdens imposed by the privileged classes. The provinces were not slow in following it. For the first time in the history of France there was published a detailed account of the king's receipts and expenditures; and strange to say the publication was made with the king's consent. The people criticized the throne for its extravagance. They saw for the first time with their eyes wide open that the king and the nobles were well fed, well housed, well clothed, and lived in sumptuous ease, while they themselves paid for it all by the sweat of their brows.

Out of it all came the Revolution. France became as a mountain shaking under the volcano. All Europe looked on in dismay.

But interesting, yes, thrilling as is the story of France from 1788 to 1795, we must pass it by with the single assertion that out of all its bloodshed and its devilish cruelty came the end of the monarchy and the birth of Republican France. Louis XVI. — a better king than many who had preceded him, a victim to the onward march of mind which he could neither understand nor keep pace with — laid his head upon the block, saying, "Frenchmen, I die innocent of the offences imputed to me. I pardon all my enemies, and I implore Heaven that my beloved France —" then the drums

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beat, the guillotine descended, the priest exclaimed, "Son of St. Louis! Ascend to Heaven," and the populace shouted, "Vive la Republique!"

CHAPTER III.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST SEVEN YEARS AS A SOLDIER

To return now to Napoleon. Into this seething caldron of blood and fury he came, a lieutenant in the king's army. It was eight years before King Louis' death. We have seen that as a Corsican boy he had hated the French. He could not forget the struggles by which Corsica, his native land, had sought to retain her independence; nor could he fail to remember that she had lost it to this very king in whose army he was now a paid officer. We might reasonably expect that in the midst of this struggle between king and people Napoleon would be found among those who sided with the people, and so it was.

The first seven years after he entered the army Napoleon spent much of his time on furloughs at his home in Corsica, and one reading the account of these seven years cannot but feel that the young officer was half-hearted, to say

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the least, in his service as a soldier in the royal army, and must conclude that his heart was set on some day becoming another Paoli and freeing Corsica from French rule.

With his regiment at Valence we find Napoleon more sociable and more contented than when he was in school. He went more into society; indeed, we find him again falling in love, and this time he proposed and was rejected. But he still kept up his reading and study. A rich bookseller in the city freely lent him books, and we find him reading such authors as Adam Smith, and Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Raynal — books that breathed the new philosophy of freedom and equality, and did much to fan the fires of the Revolution. In the pages of Raynal he must have read that author's prediction that if France did not mend her way a revolution was at hand.

At this time the young lieutenant is described as being short, slim, active, and awkward, with boots so big for his legs that a young woman nicknamed him "Puss in Boots." His eyes were deep set and brilliant. He wore his hair in immense "dog ears," which was the fashion of the time, and this is said to have given his dark Italian face a sinister look, though in outline it was classic. He was

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still inclined to be silent and moody, but he could be drawn out by congenial company, and when he tried to be pleasant he could be magnetic and fascinating. He was often criticized for not joining in the amusements of young people. On one occasion he replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a man is to be formed." His landlady once complained to him of his silence and his unsocial ways. Afterwards, when at the head of the army of Italy, he met this woman, and in the course of his conversation with her said, "Ah, my good woman, had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now be in command of the army of Italy." He was not a braggart, but in a quiet way he was imperious and acted as if he felt himself better than his fellows and capable of any task, and to a great degree his estimate of himself was a true one.

We must pass rapidly over these seven years that may be called the Corsican period of his life, although it is important. As we have said, during these years, from 1789 to 1796, he spent most of his time in taking long holidays at Ajaccio, his Corsican home, where still lived his mother, brothers, and sisters, his father having died the year the boy entered the army. Historians disagree as to just how Napoleon

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was able to obtain these long furloughs. Some say that he was ill most of the time, but others more than hint that he was not so ill as he pretended to be, and that he told downright lies to get away from the army and be at home.

One thing seems certain: he at this time disliked the routine of camp life. Loafing about the camp and doing its petty duties fretted him. He was ambitious to be doing something great. In the army of France, too, he could never expect, without more influence than he had, to rise above the position of captain, and this was not enough. He felt himself born to greatness, and this was no place for him. We are driven to the conclusion that he wanted to go to Corsica in these troublous times in order to take advantage of any opportunity that might come to him to spring forth as a leader of the Corsicans and strike for them a blow for independence.

During these years he tried authorship, partly, perhaps, to make money out of it with which to support the family, for they were poor, his salary as a lieutenant being only \$225 a year, but mostly to give vent to his deep and serious thoughts and feelings which burned for utterance. His most ambitious work was a history of Corsica, in which he tried to tell

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the story of Corsica's wrongs and her struggles for independence. He wrote and rewrote this. Nothing discouraged him — not even the adverse opinions of his friends. It was never published, but manuscript pages of it are still in existence. It shows a heart burning with love of country. The whole purpose of it seems to have been to arouse the Corsicans to renewed effort to regain their freedom. He wrote a story entitled "Count of Essex," which breathed hatred of France. He competed for a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons for the best essay on "What truths are most important to inculcate in men for their happiness?" All his writings of this period show a seriousness far beyond his years and a fierce impatience, as if he felt he had a great work to accomplish in the world and was not willing to wait for it.

His furloughs in Corsica during these seven years were four in number, at least one of more than a year in length. In the case of two of these furloughs he overstayed his time. In one instance his excuse was a lie, and the other he was dismissed from the French army for disobedience to orders.

We are told that when on these holidays in Ajaccio he spent much of his time in an attic

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of his mother's home reading and writing, and that when he appeared on the streets he held himself aloof from his former companions. We can easily imagine how it was: Napoleon had been abroad, he had been to the great Paris. He had been graduated from a military school and wore the king's uniform, and was under pay from the king. The boys with whom he used to play, of course, easily misunderstood him and thought him stuck up; and yet there was something of the mischievous boy about him after all. He and his sister Pauline once were caught mimicking the tottering gait of their old grandmother. Pauline got a spanking for it. Napoleon, being dressed in his regimentals, escaped for the time being; but a few hours later his mother suggested that he had been invited to dinner by some important personage, and Napoleon rushed off to his bedroom to change his clothes. This gave his mother the opportunity she was after, and as soon as his regimentals were off she spanked him soundly.

Napoleon frequently dined with the French officers at Ajaccio, and invariably he fell to talking of history and the science of government. They didn't like this, for they could see underneath it all that Napoleon was a very

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poor Frenchman, and that he knew too much for them, so they called his talk "ridiculous stuff and pedantry." Sometimes he came so near being disloyal in his talk that the Frenchmen left him or refused to invite him again to their tables.

When the Revolution broke out Napoleon was with his regiment in France. Getting a leave of absence on the pretext of illness he hurried home to stir up the island, with a vague hope that out of it all would come independence for Corsica. Paoli, of whom we read in our first chapter, since Corsica had fallen into the hands of France, had been staying in England. Now the Revolutionary Assembly of Paris called upon him to return, guaranteeing to Corsica considerable local freedom. So the old hero returned to his native land in May of 1790, and on landing upon the shore dropped upon his knees and kissed the earth. Napoleon was one of those who welcomed the great leader to his native land. Together one day they rode over the old battlefield of Ponte Nuovo, where Corsica made her last stand for freedom. Paoli was struck with Napoleon's manner and talk, and said of him on this occasion, "He is not modern, but reminds me of Plutarch's heroes." Napoleon, though an officer in the king's army,

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at once set to work organizing volunteer regiments of the National Guard in behalf of the Revolutionary Assembly, and by the volunteers he was elected to the position of lieutenant-colonel.

In February, 1791, his leave of absence having expired, we find Napoleon at Auxonne with his old regiment, having taken with him his twelve-year-old brother Louis, in order to relieve his mother and educate the boy. He was now getting a salary of \$260 a year, and it was only by the strictest economy that he and his little brother could live. He avoided society at this time. He ate, for the most part, only bread, and gave all his spare time to teaching his brother. Indeed, there is nothing in the life of Napoleon so captivating as his care of his own family. It is an admirable trait in a young man, and even the enemies of Napoleon must give him credit here. We can imagine that one great reason for his frequent absences from the army was that he might be with his mother and assist her in her poverty. Afterwards, on being raised to a position where he could command money and influence, his first thought was to put them beyond want.

While still in the army of the king, he was attending secret meetings. Indeed, he became

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a member of a political club, and filled all the offices in turn — librarian, secretary, and president. He afterwards said that if at this time he had been ordered to fire upon the people, habit, prejudice, education, and the king's name would not have induced him to obey.

Finally, on the occasion of his last visit home he overstayed his time, and his name was stricken from the regular army list in consequence. At this time he was both a lieutenant in the army of the king and a lieutenant-colonel of the National Guard of Corsica. In the latter he probably received no pay, and in the former but a paltry \$260, and now he had lost even this and was without any resources whatever. He longed to go to Paris and throw himself into its exciting life, but he was so poor that he had to pawn his watch in order to buy bread and keep soul and body together. He wrote to his rich uncle in Ajaccio for a loan, saying that he must go to Paris. In his letter he says: "There one can push to the forefront. I feel assured of success. Will you bar my road for the lack of a hundred crowns?"

In May, 1792, we find him in Paris without work and without an office, wandering about its streets looking with mingled feelings of

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exultation and pity upon the horrible scenes passing before his eyes, and burning with a desire to do something great. He was in Paris on that memorable twentieth of June, 1792, when the Paris mob, bearing the red cap of liberty, marched to the Tuileries to make demands on the king. He was there on the tenth of August of that same year and saw the royal Swiss guards that were protecting the king cut to pieces and five thousand persons massacred. He was there when the Revolutionary Tribunal was set up and the National Assembly exiled forty thousand persons.

In September, 1792, the school at St. Cyr, which one of his sisters was attending, was abolished by the government, and he returned to Corsica as her escort. Here he found Paoli growing lukewarm toward the Revolution. England was trying to get hold of Corsica, and Paoli favored England over revolutionary France. Bonaparte was rabid either for independence for the island or for revolutionary France in preference to England, so Paoli and Napoleon quarreled and the latter joined the former's enemies. Then Napoleon tried to get possession of the citadel of Ajaccio, and failing in his attempt, the Corsican government, which, with Paoli, was favorable to England,

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drove the whole Bonaparte family out of the island, Napoleon himself barely escaping with his life.

The Revolutionary government of France, being sorely in need of all its skilled army officers, now readily forgave Napoleon for his disobedience to orders and restored him to the army; he now became a red-hot Revolutionist. There were two great parties among the Revolutionists, namely, the Girondists, who were moderate in their views, and the Jacobins, who were radical, and believed in and preached absolute equality among men. They would have no king, no nobility. This was well enough, but they carried their views and their actions to extremes. They were brutal and cruel, and among them were the Terrorists, with such men as Maximilien Robespierre at their head. There can be no doubt that Napoleon made friends with the most bloodthirsty of the Jacobin party, though there is evidence that he did not approve of the most violent part of their program. He became personally acquainted with Augustin Robespierre, brother of the all-powerful leader, and allied himself, in a measure, with the extreme Republicans under whom Paris was flowing with blood.

CHAPTER IV.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST GREAT MILITARY SUCCESS — HE MARRIES

Now comes an event in the career of Napoleon that puts him on the high road to prosperity and favor, though he was yet to have some hard days. The French city of Toulon, on the Mediterranean coast, had fallen into the hands of the Royalists, or the party who favored a king for France. The English were on the side of the Royalists. At an opportune moment Toulon was surrendered to the English by the Girondists and Royalists of the city. Toulon was one of the most important military and naval centres of France. Here were many French ships of the line and vast military stores. The importance of the surrender was at once recognized and an army was immediately raised by the Revolutionists and sent to retake it. For months the Convention forces laid siege to the city, but without success.

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There are several stories as to how Napoleon appeared on the scene, but it is enough for us to know that at an opportune moment he appears and is found unfolding to the general in charge a plan by which the city might be taken. His suggestion, briefly, was that instead of assaulting the defenses of the city, a hill overlooking the harbor should be fortified and that guns be planted to command the English gunboats. The English had foreseen the importance of this hilltop and had planted defenses there. The French, to carry out Napoleon's plan, assaulted and carried them. Napoleon was in the thick of the fight and received a bayonet thrust in his thigh. The wound was not so serious, however, but that he remained throughout the battle, present, as some one writes, everywhere at once, a very paragon of energy. Having captured the height, the French planted their guns upon it, and then opened fire upon the English vessels in the harbor.

After several thousand shells had been fired the English departed, and the city was at the mercy of the Revolutionary forces. The horrors that followed are almost unspeakable. Thousands of the inhabitants fled to the water's edge, crying to the English to protect them.

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Fifteen thousand were carried away in boats by the English, and thousands of those who remained were shot down in the streets by the frenzied victors. There is every evidence that it was Napoleon's foresight and plan of action that won this notable victory for the Revolution, and we might now expect him to be in high favor and that his career would be free from embarrassment, but it was not so. For a time, indeed, he seemed to prosper. He was made general of artillery, and inspector general in the army of Italy. He was sent to inspect the defenses of the Revolutionary forces on the Mediterranean, and in July, 1794, was set to Genoa by Robespierre on a diplomatic mission in which he was successful.

Then came misfortune. By one of those sudden turns of the wheel of fortune, then so frequent in Paris, Robespierre was beheaded, and the enemies of Robespierre, believing Napoleon to be in conspiracy with him, threw him into prison, from which, however, he was soon released on the ground that he could not be spared from the service.

In March, 1795, the Paris Committee of Public Safety, now having its turn at the head of the government, ordered Napoleon to proceed to the army of the West to take com-

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mand of the artillery there. Napoleon saw in this an attempt to crush him, for it took him away from the army of Italy, where he had made a reputation, and away from his friends and the ground with which he was familiar. By one subterfuge after another he succeeded in disobeying the order, and by a happy circumstance obtained a position in the topographical section of the war office, where, with three others, it was his business to draw up plans and orders for all the Revolutionary armies.

It was a strange fatality that kept the young officer in Paris at this time. Paris had been for years the scene of almost continued riot between contending factions. On the 4th of October, 1795, a section of Paris declared itself in insurrection against the Convention, which was at this time the governing body of the Revolution. The National Guard, forty thousand strong, were in sympathy with the insurgents. The Convention had but eight thousand troops on which it could rely. The insurgents were about to attack the Tuileries, where the Convention sat. The Convention chose two commanders for its troops, but the first left the city without taking command, and the second was placed under arrest for his cowardice and inaction. Then the Convention chose

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Barras as head of the Paris forces, and Barras asked that Napoleon Bonaparte be put second in command, saying: "I have precisely the man we want. It is the little Corsican officer, who will not stand on ceremony." Napoleon, who was in the topographical office at the time, was sent for and sworn in.

On that fated 5th of October, 1795, Napoleon Bonaparte was the real leader of the Convention forces. About the Tuileries he built a fortress. Murat, with three hundred horse, was sent at a gallop to Sablons, five miles off, to bring fifty cannon that were there, and these Napoleon posted about the Tuileries commanding all the avenues of approach. Napoleon's energy was magnificent. His orders were given with promptness and decision. He was everywhere at once. He neither ate nor slept. Those who saw him became enthusiastic. His preparations filled the Convention with confidence. Finally, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the insurgent forces arrived, marching solidly along the avenues leading to the Tuileries. The firing commenced at four o'clock, and by six the storm was over and Napoleon had won with his eight thousand troops a victory for the Government of the Revolution over an army five times as great. With the ending of

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the fight the army went throughout the city disarming its terrified citizens.

And now comes a pretty story, which we may or may not believe, according as we believe the friends or the enemies of the little Corsican. Napoleon was now the hero of Paris. His star had surely risen, not to set until the night of Waterloo. A little boy of fourteen, by name Eugene de Beauharnais, called upon Napoleon and begged of him that his father's sword, which had been taken from his mother's home on the night before by the soldiers of the Convention in their work of disarming the citizens, be returned to him. That father had fallen a victim to the cruel Robespierre in the bloody days of the Terrorists. Napoleon was so struck with the boy's manner and words that he returned to him the sword, and the boy took it in his eager hands and covered it with kisses.

On the following day, it is related, the mother of this boy, Madame de Beauharnais, called in person to thank Napoleon for his kindness. Her manner was so gracious that it charmed the young soldier of twenty-six. Long years afterwards Napoleon said that he first met Josephine, the future empress, for it is she of whom we are speaking, at the

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home of Barras, one of the greatest men of Paris at the time. It is possible he meant that he first met her there in a social way. At any rate, the story of the sword seems to be well authenticated, and at least is pretty enough to be believed.

Josephine de Beauharnais was born on the Island of Martinique. She was the daughter of a planter, and married, while quite young, Vicomte de Beauharnais, who afterwards served as a general officer in the Republican armies. Josephine, herself, after the murder of her husband by Robespierre, had been imprisoned for a short time, and during her imprisonment had formed a friendship with a lady who a short time afterwards married one of the leaders of the Revolution. By her Josephine was afterwards introduced into the leading society of Paris, and when General Barras became the First Director and held his court at the Luxembourg, Josephine was one of the beautiful women who ornamented its society. She had had by Vicomte de Beauharnais, a boy Eugene, whom Napoleon adopted afterward as his own, and a daughter Hortense, who married Louis of Holland. Shortly after meeting Josephine, Bonaparte offered her his hand and she accepted it. By this means the

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young general gained an alliance with the society of the leading men of the Revolution, and particularly with Barras, who at that moment was the most powerful man in France and at the head of the armed forces of Paris and the Army of the Interior. Barras had said to his associates, referring to Napoleon, "Promote this young man or he will promote himself." They took the hint, and when Barras resigned as commander of the Army of the Interior, Napoleon was made his successor.

We find him now occupying a fine residence in Paris and surrounding himself with a splendid staff, fine horses and equipages, and mingling in the brilliant society of the capital. On the same day that he marries Josephine, March 9, 1796, he is appointed to the command of the army of Italy, and the Corsican boy, who but a year before was pawning his watch to buy bread, now steps out upon the stage of European affairs to dazzle the world with his genius and his success.

CHAPTER V.

SARDINIA HUMBLD AND AUSTRIA IN RETREAT

NAPOLION never wasted time. Three days after his marriage to Josephine he rushed with the speed of a courier to take command of that division of the French army known as the Army of Italy, whose headquarters were at Nice. This army, though nominally composed of 50,000 men, could scarcely muster 25,000 fit for the field. They were brave fellows, but hungry, half-clothed, and discouraged. Their equipment was meagre; their cavalrymen were without horses, and their artillery consisted of but sixty pieces. Arrayed against them, and holding all the passes of the Alps, were three proud and splendid armies of Austria and Sardinia, with 200 pieces of artillery.

Napoleon was but twenty-six years old at this time. What could so young a man do with such an army to repel the advance into France of a powerful enemy generated by Beaulieu,

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a man seventy-two years of age, who had spent a lifetime learning the art of war? Napoleon's battalion commanders were men of splendid ability and courage, like Murat, Augereau, Massena, Serrurier, Joubert, and Lannes, but amid the poverty and general discontent their spirits were broken. What could these feeble battalions do to repel the well-clothed, well-fed forces of Austria and Sardinia? A heart less stout, a spirit less undaunted, would have petitioned for reinforcements — at least for enough to eat; but not so, Napoleon. In the years since he had left the military school he had known hardship, he had fought adversity in every form; true, he had won victories, but others had gained the credit.

Now, for the first time in his life, he was his own master, and his heart burned within him to conquer adversity and to be master of fate. When some one suggested that he was too young for the command, he cried, "In a year I shall be either old or dead;" and as showing how desperate was his purpose to win, he said, "In three months I shall be either in Milan (the enemy's capital) or in Paris." There could be no half-way business with him. There could be no temporizing. It must be either glory or shame, and that, too,

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right quickly. Hear his address to his troops: "Soldiers, you are hungry and naked; the Republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains that the sun beholds; rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers of Italy! Will you be wanting in courage?"

This was the first word of encouragement the army had heard for many a day, and an electric thrill went through every heart, and to a man the army turned its face resolutely toward the Alps, amid whose fastnesses were its enemies — those Alps of which it had been said, "Here let ambition be stayed."

To await the coming of the enemy was not the way of Napoleon. Before him lay almost impassable barriers of rock. Hannibal had pierced their dangerous defiles. But a greater general than Hannibal was here. Leading his army over the lower ridges where the mountains come down to the sea and toward Genoa, he finds upon the very threshold of Northern Italy seventy-five thousand Austrians and Sardinians with two hundred pieces of artillery all under the command of Beaulieu. One Austrian army is posted at Voltri, another at Monte Notte, and the Sardinian army at Ceva.

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After a march of incredible swiftness Napoleon throws his forces about the Austrian position at Monte Notte, surrounding them in a night. In the fierce battle that ensues the Austrians are routed, and, fleeing, leave behind them their colors and their cannon, with 1,000 killed and 2,000 prisoners, and this is all so speedily done that the commanders at Voltri and at Ceva know nothing of it till it is over. The two remaining armies then hasten to join, but they are not quick enough for Napoleon, who, attacking one army at Millesimo and the other at Dego, sends both of them flying to the mountains, leaving their cannon and their baggage, and the better part of their troops, in the hands of the youthful conqueror. The Sardinians flee toward Turin, the capital of their fair province of Piedmont, while the Austrians turn toward Milan, the capital of one of their Italian provinces. Napoleon himself joins in the pursuit of the Sardinians, and taking possession of Cherasco, in the neighborhood of Turin, there receives the surrender of the forces of King Victor of Sardinia, and dictates a provisional treaty with that monarch by which the French Republic becomes possessed of a great part of Piedmont, including Coni and Tortona, "The Keys of the Alps."

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Hardly an appearance of power is left to King Victor, who shortly after dies of a broken heart.

Napoleon now stands upon the soil of Northern Italy, with the Alps at his back, and his face toward the richest and fairest fields of all Europe. In his exultation he cries, "Hannibal forced the Alps. We have turned them." Thus, in less than a month, has this youthful genius won six battles, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners 25,000 of the best fighting men of Europe, and captured eighty guns and twenty-one standards. He has destroyed the Sardinian army, taken every place of importance in Piedmont excepting Turin, and has drawn to himself the wondering gaze of all Europe.

Listen to his exultant address to his troops: "Hitherto you have been fighting for barren rocks, memorable for your career but useless to your country; now your exploits equal those of the armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute and you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread. None but

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Republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, could have endured such things. Thanks for your perseverance! But, soldiers, you have done nothing — for there remains much to do. Milan is not yet ours. The ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled by the assassins of Basseville.”¹

The fleeing Austrians, with Beaulieu at their head, took position beyond the river Po, thinking that with this barrier they could prevent the victorious French from entering Lombardy. By a trick Napoleon deceived Beaulieu into thinking that he would attempt to cross the Po at Valenza, and then, by one of those swift marches for which he had already become famous, he swept fifty miles farther to the east, and, before the Austrians were aware of it, crossed the Po at Piacenza and was marching into Lombardy. In the battle that followed the Austrians were again beaten, and fled, leaving cannon behind them, and never halting till they had crossed the river Adda, where they

¹ Some of the French students in Rome had dared to wear the tri-color cockade of the Republic. The Pope had not recognized at this time the French Republic. In the disorders consequent on the action of the students the Papal army had not interfered to protect the students, and Basseville, the envoy of France residing in Rome at the time, was mobbed and assassinated, and the perpetrators of the deed went unpunished.

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again took up position, leaving Milan at the mercy of the French.

But it was not Milan that Napoleon was after; it was Beaulieu. The Austrian general figured that the French would cross the Adda at Lodi, and for once he was right. When Napoleon appeared at Lodi he found the only bridge (a wooden one 500 feet long) swept by thirty cannon posted on the opposite banks. Here took place one of the most brilliant victories of Napoleon's career. Having formed 3,000 of his men into a solid column a few hundred yards away from the bridge, in a place sheltered from the storm of shot that was falling, and having sent his cavalry to a distant point where they were enabled to ford the river and come up in the rear of the Austrians, he waited.

Soon he saw signs of confusion and knew that his cavalry were charging the Austrian position. At the word of command the column of 3,000 wheeled to the left and poured like an avalanche across the bridge amid a perfect tempest of shot and shell, protected only by a few cannon on the French side, two of which Napoleon had pointed with his own hand, thus earning for himself a name that followed him through life as "The Little

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Corporal." So terribly destructive was the fire of the Austrian guns that the column wavered. Napoleon, Lannes, and other commanders hurried forward cheering on their men and shouting "Vive la Republique." Lannes reached the shore first, followed closely by Napoleon, while the soldiers of the Republic charged the gunners and routed them before they could be relieved or supported by the main army of the Austrians who had posted themselves too far back. Two hundred Frenchmen lay upon the bridge of Lodi when the battle was over.

Four days after the battle of Lodi, Milan, the home of the Lombard kings, threw open its massive gates to the triumphant French, and Napoleon addressed his troops as follows: "Soldiers! You have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed or swept before you all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian oppression, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship toward France. Milan is yours; and over all Lombardy floats the flag of the Republic. . . . The army, which proudly threatened you, finds no remaining barrier against your courage. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda, could not stop you a single day. Those boasted ramparts of Italy

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proved insufficient. You traversed them as rapidly as you did the Apennines. Successes so numerous and brilliant have carried joy to the hearts of your countrymen. Your representatives have decreed a festival to be celebrated in all the Communes of the Republic in honor of your victories. Then will your fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, all who hold you dear, rejoice over your triumphs, and boast that you belong to them. . . . The French people, free and respected by the whole world, shall give to Europe a glorious peace which shall indemnify it for all the sacrifices which it has borne the last six years. Then by your own firesides you shall repose and your fellow-citizens when they point out any one of you shall say, 'He belonged to the Army of Italy.' ”

Beaulieu, with his Austrians, continued in their retreat till they had crossed the Mincio, with the French cavalry in hot pursuit. Napoleon himself went to Milan, where he levied a tribute of four million dollars and required the proud capital to give up to France twenty of the finest pictures of the Ambrosian gallery. The wealthy princes of Parma and Modena now bought the favor of France with pictures and statues and immense sums of money. The

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Duke of Modena gave up the famous St. Jerome of Correggio, which he afterwards tried to redeem at four hundred thousand dollars, but in vain. These, and other works of art obtained in the rich cities of Italy, became the foundation of the rich treasures of the Louvre.

While Milan was in possession of Napoleon, the citadel still held out. Leaving a detachment of troops to hold the city, Napoleon himself hastened after Beaulieu, who had now established himself on the east bank of the Mincio, with one arm of the army at Peschiera and the other at Mantua, one of the strongest army positions in Europe.

Now that Napoleon had humbled Sardinia and conquered the army of Austria, and a large portion of Northern Italy was in his hands, those who were in direction of affairs at Paris began themselves to be afraid of him. What may not this young man do? His popularity is already boundless among the people. His name is in every mouth. May he not return at any moment and use this popularity for his own ends, and possibly assume the rôle of dictator and make himself master of France? An order, therefore, goes out from Paris that Napoleon is to share the command in Northern

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Italy with Kellerman, a brave Frenchman, though one not capable of independent command. Napoleon immediately resigns, saying, "You had better have one bad general than two good ones." The order is at once revoked, and Napoleon again assumes command.

At this time popular uprisings took place throughout Lombardy and thirty thousand men were under arms. Napoleon fell upon the insurgents with merciless vigor and meted out a punishment too horrible to describe, leaving an indelible stain on his name.

Beaulieu calculated that Napoleon would cross the Mincio at Peschiera, where he himself had crossed it, but again he was deceived, for the French crossed at Borghetto, fell again upon the Austrians, and compelled them to retreat to the river Adige. Just after this battle Napoleon had a narrow escape. He and his officers were sitting at dinner, thinking that the Austrian army had passed far beyond them and was fleeing to the east. A straggling portion of the Austrian army, hastening to the assistance of their friends and not knowing that they had been routed, came into Borghetto just at this time. Napoleon's attendants had barely time to shut the gates of the inn and alarm their chief. Bonaparte threw himself

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upon a horse and, galloping out by a back passage, escaped. It was this happening that induced Napoleon to institute a small corps of picked men called "guides" to watch continually over his personal safety, and out of this came afterwards the famous Imperial Guard of Napoleon.

Mantua and the citadel of Milan were now the last footholds of the Austrians in Italy. Mantua was on an island approached by five narrow causeways. The city was held by 15,000 Austrians. By a sudden attack the French obtained four of these causeways, and then sat down before the fifth, determined to starve out the Austrians or meet them in battle if they should attack.

Napoleon now took possession of Verona and all the strong places of Venice. It is hard to excuse this proceeding, for Venice was a neutral power. She had harbored the eldest brother of Louis XVI., known as the "Pretender," and this was made the ostensible cause of what looks like an insult to a friendly power; it was probably the work of the Directory at Paris and not of Napoleon.

Leaving one of his generals to blockade Mantua, Napoleon turned his attention to Naples. The king immediately made a

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friendly treaty and withdrew his forces from the Austrian army.

Napoleon now had the Pope at his mercy, and immediately took possession of Bologna and Ferrara in the Church's dominions. This brought the Pope at once to terms, with an agreement to pay \$5,000,000 and to turn over to France a hundred of the finest pictures and statues in the Papal gallery, and immense supplies.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONQUEROR OF ITALY

BUT Austria was not yet conquered. Raising 80,000 more men—the best troops in the world—she sent them with Field Marshal Wurmser, a hero of many wars, to humble the proud conqueror of Italy and his 30,000; but he made a blunder at the very start. Dividing his army into two divisions, he sent one, under Melas, down the Adige to drive the French from Verona, and the other, under Quasdanowich, down the valley of the Chiese toward Brescia to cut off Napoleon's retreat to Milan.

Napoleon's eagle eye saw his opportunity, and, burying his cannon in the trenches before Mantua, he rushed like the wind to meet Quasdanowich. Battles at Salo and Lonato sent the Austrians in full retreat.

After the engagement at Lonato Napoleon again came near falling into the hands of the enemy. One division of the defeated Austrian

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army, wandering about in anxiety to find some way of reaching the Mincio, came suddenly on Lonato, the scene of the late battle, at a moment when Napoleon was there with only his staff and guards about him. But for his presence of mind he must have been a prisoner. An Austrian officer was sent to demand the surrender of the town, and was brought, as was the custom, blindfolded, to Bonaparte. Causing his whole staff to draw up around him he ordered that the bandage be removed from the messenger's eyes, and thus saluted him: "What means this insolence? Do you beard the French general in the middle of his army?" The messenger retreated, stammering and blushing, and assured his commander that Lonato was occupied by the French in great numbers. Four thousand Austrians laid down their arms before the trick was discovered.

Salò and Lonato having been won, Napoleon fell on Wurmser, but not before the latter had gained a few successes, and cutting his columns in two, sent them flying in confusion. Thus in one week the Austrians lost 40,000 men, against a total loss to the French of seven thousand. During these seven days Napoleon never took off his boots and slept by snatches — never more than an hour at a time. The spirit of

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revolt which again had arisen was stilled by this victory. The Archbishop of Ferrara, when brought before Napoleon, uttered the one word "peccavi" (I have sinned), and Napoleon ordered him to fast and pray for seven days in a monastery.

Again the trumpets sounded from the Tyrol and 50,000 fresh troops were hurrying to put themselves under the defeated but not discouraged Wurmser. Once more that general made the fatal blunder and divided his army. With 30,000 men Wurmser came down the defiles of the Brenta, leaving 20,000 under Davidowich at Roveredo.

Napoleon waited till Wurmser had reached Bassano; then, with the sweep of an eagle, he pounced upon Davidowich, and in a desperate encounter in which Napoleon lost an intrepid officer, Dubois, he bayoneted his way to victory up height after height of the enemy's defenses. The Austrians fled to Levisa, and there again misfortune overtook them. Then Napoleon, marching his army sixty miles in two days, fell on Wurmser, and 6,000 Austrians laid down their arms. The brave Wurmser fled with one division of his army and made his way into Mantua, and there alone was he for the time safe from "The Little

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Corporal" and his all-conquering army. Napoleon at once appeared before Mantua, stormed and took the five approaches to the city, and shut up effectually within its gates 26,000 men.

While all this was going on Napoleon sent an expedition to Corsica and wrested it from the hands of the English.

Austria, though sorely wounded in pride and sorely distressed by the loss of three great armies, was not ready to yield, and in a few days word reached Napoleon that a fourth army of 60,000 men under command of another distinguished marshal of the empire, Alvinzi, was on the way. Alvinzi himself, with one division, appeared at Friule, and Davidowich with another near Trent.

The French who were at Trent were under Vaubois. These were to look after Davidowich, while Massena was sent to Bassano to check the approach of Alvinzi. Neither of these French generals could hold his position. Trent and Bassano were both abandoned, and even Napoleon retreated on Verona. Napoleon was now in a tight place. His forces were divided, part of them watching the 26,000 Austrians shut up in Mantua, and another part in the field trying to check the advances of



THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI

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the two Austrian divisions under Alvinzi and Davidowich, which were hastening to join Wurmser in Mantua. The defeats just suffered by the French and the news of calamities threatening them, discomfited the troops. Then on the plains of Rivoli Napoleon caused his battalions to be drawn up before him and thus addressed them: "You have displeased me. You have suffered yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of determined men might have bid an army defiance. You are no longer French soldiers! You belong not to the Army of Italy." At these words of displeasure from their beloved commander, the soldiers sobbed like children. Rushing from the ranks, they surrounded him and pleaded for their arms and their colors. The sick and the wounded left the hospitals, many with their wounds still bleeding, crying, "Place us once more in the van and you will judge whether we do not belong to the Army of Italy." In the engagements that followed, Napoleon had no further reason to complain.

Making believe that he was retreating toward Mantua, Napoleon quickly wheeled his columns and threw himself into the country between the two divisions of the Austrian army. Three battles ensued, in which the

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French were victorious, known as the Battles of Arcola, among the most desperate of the war.

One incident of this battle deserves to be mentioned. Napoleon ordered Augereau to carry the bridge of Arcola. It seemed that no army could cross it without complete destruction. The intrepid Augereau obeyed orders and marched his columns upon the bridge, but in the face of the deadly fire they wavered and turned to fly over the corpses of nearly half their comrades. Napoleon dashed to the head of the column, snatched a standard, and cried out to his grenadiers: "Soldiers! Are you no longer the brave warriors of Lodi? Follow me!" And they did follow him; but the arrival of a fresh column of Austrians caused the French to fall back, and Napoleon himself, seized by his grenadiers, was dragged along and hurled into a morass up to his waist. The Austrians were between him and his baffled column. The battle seemed to be decided. But Napoleon was not to be beaten. As the smoke rolled away the army saw their commander's danger. In an instant they formed, and with the cry, "Forward, soldiers, to save the general," they threw themselves upon the enemy, hurled them from the bridge, and won

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the day. The news of this battle made France crazy with joy, and filled Europe with amazement. It was in this battle that the brave Muiro, seeing a bomb about to explode, saved Napoleon's life at the cost of his own by throwing himself between it and his general.

Alvinzi now retreated on Montebello, and for two months Napoleon was the undisputed master of Lombardy. In these two months he did not rest, but founded the Cispadane and Transpadane Republics from the newly acquired territories, and these immediately made levies of troops and sent them to join the army of France.

But the Austrians were tenacious. Their Council at Vienna at once organized a new army of 60,000 men, the fifth that had been raised for the purpose of crushing Napoleon, and put Alvinzi at its head. At the same time the Pope had 40,000 men and Naples 30,000 ready, in case disaster should come to the French arms, to rise and sweep them from Italy. The Tyrolese, whose loyalty to Austria was so great, hardy mountaineers as they were, and perhaps the best sharpshooters the world has ever seen, flocked to the standard of Austria as they had done in the four previous campaigns. Napoleon proclaimed that every Ty-

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rolese caught in arms should be shot as a brigand. Alvinzi replied that for every murdered peasant he would hang a French prisoner of war. Napoleon rejoined that the first execution of this threat would be followed by the gibbeting of Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his hands. None of these threats were carried out.

Alvinzi sent a spy to Mantua to tell Wurmser and his 26,000 Austrians that a new army was ready to attempt his relief, and to say that if things came to the worst he should fight his way out of Mantua, retire on Romagna, and put himself at the head of the Pope's forces. The spy was captured, and, being brought before Napoleon, confessed that he had swallowed the ball of wax in which the despatch was wrapped. His stomach was compelled to surrender its contents, and Napoleon, learning the secret, prepared to meet the enemy.

Alvinzi's army, repeating the blunder so often made by the Austrians, divided itself into two parts, one under the commander-in-chief coming down the Adige, the other under Provera coming down the Brenta, and intending to strike across to the lower Adige and join Wurmser. Napoleon sent Joubert to Rivoli to dispute that position, and Augereau to

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watch Provera. The first fighting took place at Rivoli. Napoleon hurried there from Verona in time to be present in a great battle in which he had three horses shot under him. The army of Alvinzi was routed. Napoleon then heard that Provera had forced his way to the Lago di Guarda, and by marching all day and all night toward Mantua the French reached that point just as Provera's troops came upon the scene. Night fell with the two armies in sight of each other.

Napoleon passed the night walking about the outposts in great anxiety. At one of these he found a grenadier asleep by the root of a tree, and, taking his gun, without awakening him, performed a sentinel's duty in his place. The man, starting from his slumbers, and perceiving with terror the face of his general, fell on his knees before him. "My friend," said Napoleon, "here is your musket. You have fought hard and marched long and your sleep is excusable; but a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time." This story, and scores of others like it, flying from soldier to soldier, inspired the army with a zeal and a devotion to their

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young leader the like of which the world has never seen.

The next day came the battle of St. George, which ended with Provera in retreat. Then Wurmser attempted to bring his forces out of Mantua, but was forced to return. Provera found himself entirely cut off from Alvinzi and surrounded by the French, so he and 5,000 of his men laid down their arms. So great was the terror inspired by the name of Napoleon at this time that another body of 6,000 Austrians surrendered to but five hundred French.

Then the brave Wurmser asked for terms, and Napoleon gave an example of a courtesy characteristic of his better moments. Not only did he make such favorable terms with his old enemy that the Directory at home were displeased, but, when taken to task for it, he said: "I have granted the Austrians such terms as were in my judgment due to a brave and honorable enemy and to the dignity of the French Republic." Wurmser and his garrison marched out of Mantua, but Napoleon refusing to be present and witness the humiliation of the distinguished veteran, delegated to one of his generals the duty of receiving his sword.

The loss of the Austrians at Mantua was 26,000 men, all their military stores, 500 brass

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cannon, and sixty stands of colors. Napoleon sent Augereau to Paris to present these colors to the Directory. At sight of them Paris was frantic with joy and a national festival was proclaimed.

While all this was in progress Rome trembled. Nothing like the fear and dismay that filled its streets had been known since the days when the barbarian hordes had swept down upon them from the north. The Papal armies were defeated at Imola; Faenza was carried by the bayonet; Ancona was taken, and then Loreto, a place famous for its wealth and its treasures. The priests, particularly those who had fled from France at the breaking out of the Revolution, were filled with the deepest terror, till Napoleon issued a proclamation that none of this class should be molested. The Pope then sued for peace and the treaty of Tolentino followed, by which the Pope gave to the conqueror the territory of Avignon, Ferrara, Bologna, Romagna, and a part of Ancona, besides \$2,000,000 and one hundred of the finest works of art in Rome. The Directory at home urged that the Pope be dethroned, but Napoleon thought and acted otherwise, leaving to him a part at least of his ancient patrimony.

Napoleon was now master of all Northern

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Italy save the territory of Venice. Venice could raise 50,000 men. She professed to be neutral. Napoleon suspected her and sent word that any breach of neutrality would bring down upon her vengeance and the destruction of her ancient government. And the Austrians, too, were still unconquered. A large Austrian army was bivouacked at Friule under the command of a new general, this time a young man, the Archduke Charles, who had made a splendid record with the army on the Rhine. One division of the Austrian army was stationed on the Tyrolese frontier, and another on the Friulese. Napoleon, who had received 20,000 fresh troops, met the enemy on the Tagliamento. Appearing before them he made a display of force, then feigned a retreat. In the moment's lull that followed he sprang forward, forded the river, and struck the Austrians a blow before they were prepared.

Then began an Austrian retreat which lasted for twenty days, during which ten pitched battles were fought and Friule, Trieste, Styria, and every stronghold in Carinthia fell into Napoleon's hands. The archduke then rushed on to Vienna, the Austrian capital. In the meantime the Venetians in Napoleon's rear had thrown

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off their neutrality. The archduke expected and hoped that Napoleon would be lured on to Vienna, where far from his base of supplies and in the heart of the enemy's country, with hostile armies in his front and his rear, he would be destroyed. So great was the terror at this time in Vienna that the royal family fled terror-stricken into Hungary, carrying with them little Marie Louisa, afterwards the wife of Napoleon, then but six years old.

But Napoleon was not to be thus trapped. The Venetians were massacring the wounded French in the hospitals of Verona and elsewhere. They were cutting off Napoleon's supplies and were shutting up his troops in their garrisons. Napoleon first wrote the Archduke Charles as a brother soldier, begging of him to put an end to war with a fair treaty. The archduke refused, though later he was compelled to do so by his superiors. Then without waiting, Napoleon turned his column and swept back like an Alpine tempest upon Venice.

When the news came to Venice of the retreat of the Archduke Charles, and that the all-conquering Napoleon, with vengeance in his hand, was flying at the head of his army to punish, she trembled and supplicated. Napoleon was angry. "French blood," he said, "has been

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treacherously shed. If you could offer me the treasures of Peru, if you could cover your whole dominion with gold, the atonement would be insufficient—the lion of St. Mark must lick the dust.”

Venice surrendered to him without a blow. The oligarchy ceased to rule, and a democratic government on the model of France was set up. Large territory was surrendered to the French, besides five ships, \$600,000 in gold and the same amount in naval stores, twenty of the best pictures, and five hundred manuscripts. The Venetian Senate tried to bribe Napoleon with a purse of \$1,400,000. He rejected it with scorn, as he did a bribe of \$800,000 tendered by the Duke of Modena, and one far more princely offered by Austria. To Austria he answered, “I thank thee, emperor, but if greatness is to be mine it shall come from France.”

Venice turned over to the conqueror also something of more importance even than money, and that was the person of Count D'Entraigues, a representative of the Royalists, and his papers. The papers were sent to Paris, and by them it was proved that Pichegru, a great general of France, the conqueror of Holland, was a traitor.

CHAPTER VII.

PEACE WITH AUSTRIA — THE COURT OF MONTEBELLO

NAPOLEON had set out at the head of a disheartened army, in the face of insurmountable difficulties, to do four things: To compel the King of Sardinia to abandon his alliance with Austria, to weaken the Austrians so as to draw the Italians away from them, to compel the Pope, who more than secretly was opposing the Republic, to submit, and to make the Republic respected, independent, and powerful among the nations of the earth. In four weeks he had defeated the Sardinians, and in less than two years had destroyed six Austrian armies, had humbled the Pope, had transformed Northern Italy into independent republics in alliance with France, had made the name of the Republic feared and respected throughout the world, and won for himself a place higher than that of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Frederick II. He

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had done all of these things by the aid of soldiers, the bravest the world has ever seen, passionately devoted to their young commander. He had done it by the exercise of an energy and intelligence on the field of battle never surpassed nor equalled by a commander.

Instead of adopting the old tactics of war, he invented new ones. Instead of waiting for supplies, he depended upon what the invading territory could furnish. He marched with a rapidity never before heard of. If speed was necessary to meet an emergency, baggage, cannon, clothing, everything was sacrificed to it. He could concentrate men more swiftly, could detect a weak spot in the enemy's line or plan easier, could take advantage more surely and more speedily of the enemy's weaknesses, than could any commander the world had ever known. He was always doing the unexpected. He never waited for the enemy. He counted nothing as impossible. He braved everything himself, and expected every soldier to do the same. He filled the hearts of his men, by his example and his precept, with veneration and affection, the extent of which can scarcely be understood. An old Hungarian officer questioned as to the state of the war, said: "He is a young man who knows absolutely nothing

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of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such violations of the principles of the art of war are intolerable.”

The “Little Corporal” was now virtually the master of all Italy; still there was much to be done. Nearly every state in Italy had been torn from its foundations. Boundary lines that had existed for centuries had been blotted out. The people were crying for a democratic government and for liberty. Bonaparte set to work at once to bring order out of chaos. He established his residence at Montebello, a beautiful palace near Milan, and sent for his wife Josephine, his mother, his brothers Joseph and Louis, and his beautiful sister Pauline, then sixteen years old, whom the poet Arnault declared to be the prettiest woman in the world.

As Bonaparte was perhaps the most distinguished man in Europe, so Josephine now becomes the most distinguished woman. Montebello becomes the most brilliant court in Europe. At one end of the palace receptions and balls followed one another on a scale of magnificence not equalled by that of any king in Europe, with Josephine, gracious, witty, and beautiful, as the queen of all hearts. Of her

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Madame de Remusat said, "Love seems to come every day to place at her feet a new conquest over a people entranced with its conqueror." At the other end of the palace was Napoleon in the bloom and splendor of his life, the centre of the world's gaze, holding in his hand the destiny of nearly every European state.

Napoleon gave but one hour a day to society, while for the rest of the time, allowing himself scarcely time for sleep and food, he received couriers from kings and princes soliciting his influence or imploring his protection, and spent his time in formulating plans for the establishment of republics and the betterment of the condition of the people of Italy. He projected roads, canals, bridges, harbors, arsenals, and insitutions of learning, calling about him scholars, and artists, and statesmen, and giving to the world an unparalleled exhibition of wisdom and energy. In excusing himself from joining in the great festivities of the court, he said, "I only subdue provinces; Josephine conquers hearts."

Soon a formal treaty was made with Austria, known as the Treaty of Campo Formio, from the little town in which the treaty was signed. The Austrian commissioners met Napoleon

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there and demanded terms to which he would not accede, threatening that if he did not accept them Russia and Austria would together compel him to adopt terms less favorable.

When his proposition was made, Napoleon rose from the table at which they were sitting, took from the sideboard a porcelain vase that was said to have been given to one of the commissioners by Catherine of Russia, and said, "Gentlemen, the truce is broken; war is declared; but, remember, in three months I will demolish your monarchy as I now shatter this porcelain." He then dashed the vase into fragments on the floor, and bowing, abruptly withdrew, entered his carriage, and urged his horses at full speed toward the headquarters of the army. The Austrians immediately agreed to Napoleon's terms, and the next day a treaty was signed which extended the boundary of France to the Rhine on the north, compelled Austria to recognize the republics of Northern Italy, and liberated Lafayette, who had for four years been lying in an Austrian dungeon.

A congress of all the German States was now called at Restadt, and Napoleon was appointed by France as her representative. He

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at once set out to fulfil his commission, accompanied by the love and acclamations of the army he was leaving forever, and hailed along the route through Switzerland by illuminations, processions, bonfires, the ringing of bells, and the huzzas of the people. Some one who saw him at that time said that he showed a calm, pensive, and thoughtful aspect, and that he was thin and pale, and bore an air of fatigue.

While listening to those who conversed with him, he seemed to be thinking above and beyond them. He was doubtless dreaming of the day when he should be a greater Napoleon, though all the world seemed then to be at his feet. It was at this time, it may be believed, that he formulated roughly in his mind that plan of universal conquest, in which, by humbling the kings of the earth, he should set France on the pinnacle, and perhaps a Bonaparte as a world ruler. England, that ancient and hereditary enemy of France, whose hand had been seen and felt in every move against republican France, must be humbled. It was not Napoleon who first conceived of striking England by putting in danger her provinces in the far East, but it was Napo-

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leon who first saw and grasped at the opportunity.

Things were not going well in France. The Directory had become unpopular and its members were quarreling among themselves; indeed, Barras, the most powerful of them, had called on the army to protect him and his partisans from personal violence and keep the government secure. Napoleon sent Augereau, with a strong body of veteran soldiers, to Paris, and that rough warrior soon mended matters.

Napoleon himself stayed but two days at Restadt. Then, rushing like a meteor through France, he arrived in Paris on the seventh of December, 1797, after an absence of eighteen months. Everybody in Paris wanted to see the youthful hero, but Napoleon was nowhere to be seen. What had become of him? He was there; but dressed in the garb of a plain citizen, he kept himself unobserved from the multitude. He and Josephine took a small house and lived unostentatiously, cultivating the society of men of learning.

The Directory, although jealous of Napoleon and fearful that the people would turn them out of office and put Napoleon at the head of affairs, found it necessary to give to the

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conqueror of Italy a reception worthy of his services. The reception took place on December tenth, 1797. Perhaps no grander ovation was ever given a man than that given to the fragile figure with the pale, wasted cheeks, dressed in the plain clothes of a citizen, and accompanied by the distinguished Talleyrand and the officers of the armies of France, arrayed in their gorgeous liveries. Talleyrand introduced him, saying, "Every Frenchman must feel himself elevated by the hero of his country."

In making reply, Napoleon handed to the Directory the Treaty of Campo Formio, and said: "Citizens: The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. Priestcraft, feudalism, despotism, have successively for two thousand years governed Europe. From the peace you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation whose vast territory is circumscribed only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the illustrious

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men, whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tombs of their ancestors. I have only to deliver the treaty signed at Campo Formio and ratified by the emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the Republic. As soon as the happiness of France is secured by the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will be free."

He ceased amid the shouts of "Live Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the savior of France!" Barras made reply, saying, "Nature has exhausted her energies in the production of a Bonaparte." A new song called the "Hymn of Liberty" was then sung in full chorus, accompanied by a great orchestra, and the five Directors arose and encircled Napoleon in their arms. Thiers says, "All heads were overcome with intoxication."

Talleyrand also gave a great ball costing over twelve thousand francs. The French Institute elected Napoleon one of its members — a distinguished honor for one so young — and from that time on during his stay in Paris Napoleon, dressed in the garb of the Institute, associated with learned men, attended lectures, and studied problems of science and philoso-

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phy. When he made reply to the offer of membership in the Institute, he said, " True conquests — the only ones which leave no regret behind them — are those which are made over ignorance."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN — BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS

THE Directory were now intent upon making war against England, who had all along continued to offer aid to the enemies of France. No peace in France could be secure with that powerful enemy riding mistress of the seas and plotting against her in every court of Europe. The plan of the Directory was to land an army in England and march to London. Bonaparte was called upon to head the enterprise, but after a week spent on the northern coast of France, during which he weighed all the chances, he set out for Paris, determined to oppose the attempt, but with a plan secretly formulated in his own mind of attacking England by way of Egypt, and cutting her off from intercourse with her territories in India.

The Directory, always jealous of Napoleon and still compelled by his popularity among the

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people and in the army to keep him at the front, listened eagerly to this plan, which would not only, if successful, strike a mortal blow at England but also remove from France Bonaparte himself, and gave to it their consent.

With his usual energy, Bonaparte set to work to raise an army for the Egyptian campaign, allowing it to be understood that the real purpose of the preparations was an attack on England at home. He drew from the army of Italy a strong body of his old veterans, commanded by such men as Murat, who had done heroic service in the campaigns against Austria. He did what never before had been done — added to his staff a body of one hundred learned men known as “savants,” members of the French Institute, who, carrying with them books and maps and scientific instruments, were to make conquests for science and art, as fast as the army made conquests of men and territory.

The army assembled at Toulon, where a powerful fleet was being collected to transport it across the Mediterranean; but Nelson, the Neptune of the seas, the greatest sea fighter England ever had, was also on the Mediterranean with a strong fleet watching the harbor of Toulon. But fate still favored the “Little

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Corporal." A wild tempest coming down from the Alps drove the English ships far out into the Mediterranean, compelling them to put into Sardinia for repairs. By daybreak of the morning after the storm the whole French fleet put to sea — a sight magnificent and inspiring, for when the sun rose twenty miles of water were covered with sails, and thirteen battleships, fourteen frigates, and four hundred transports were rushing before a favoring wind, carrying forty thousand of the best soldiers of France and ten thousand sailors, the latter under the command of Admiral Brueys, a sea commander second only to Nelson.

On June tenth, 1798, the fleet appeared off the island of Malta, where, behind an impregnable fortress, were the Knights of Malta, successors of the Christian warriors of time gone by, who had bound themselves by oath to rescue the tomb of Christ from the infidel. But the knights of Napoleon's day were not those who had once upheld the banner of the Cross. They were luxury-loving and indolent, and, we are led to suspect, easily tempted by bribes, for Malta was surrendered to Napoleon, with its 1,200 cannon, its 10,000 pounds of powder, and its 40,000 muskets, without a blow.

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Leaving a garrison to defend Malta, the French fleet continued its way. Nelson was now in hot pursuit, and taking a more direct line than were the French, he reached Egypt first. Not finding the French there, he sailed off to the East in search of them. Then Napoleon slipped by without being seen and entered the harbor of Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile. Immediately disembarking, he sent a portion of the army to attack Alexandria, the ancient home of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra. The suddenness of their coming had given little opportunity for defense, and with the loss of only three hundred men the French poured into the city.

Egypt nominally belonged to Turkey, but her real rulers were the Mamelukes, an order of fierce warriors, who, dividing the country up into twenty-four districts, with a chief Mameluke at the head of each, terrorized and kept the country in subjection. Bonaparte at once announced that he had come to free Egypt from the Mamelukes and professed his friendship for Turkey; but England saw to it that the Turkish government were not deceived, and that it would have none of his friendship. Bonaparte gave orders that the religion of the people should be respected, and he himself

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went so far as to express a belief in the Koran and in Mahomet.

On July seventh, Bonaparte led his army out of Alexandria toward Cairo with the purpose of meeting the Mamelukes in battle. The heat was terrific. The sands of the desert were heavy. There was little or no water. Soldiers died of fatigue and thirst, on the way. The Mameluke horsemen, appearing singly and in groups, harassed the line of march and brutally butchered every Frenchman who fell wearied by the wayside. The soldiers murmured and threatened open revolt. Even such men as Murat and Lannes threw their hats upon the sand and stamped upon their cockades in their anger. Bonaparte was the same imperturbable, sphinx-like leader. He wore his uniform buttoned up to the throat and not a drop of perspiration showed upon his brow. He was the last to go to sleep at night and the first to awaken in the morning.

After fourteen days of unparalleled suffering the army reached the pyramids, and from a slight eminence near by saw encamped at their base the Mameluke army of 20,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, with forty cannon. Napoleon went forward with a few of his staff, and by the aid of glasses saw that the enemy's guns

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were without carriages and could not easily be moved. Taking advantage of this fact he drew his columns off out of range of the guns and there prepared for the attack. The Mameluke commander, Mourad Bey, at once threw the whole force of his cavalry upon the French line. In an instant Bonaparte formed his men into separate squares and thus awaited the attack.

The Mameluke cavalry were the best cavalry in the world. The men had been trained to fight on horseback from childhood. Their horses were the noblest Arabians. Their pistols and carabines were of the finest English manufacture and their swords were of Damascus steel. They wore plumed turbans and garments that shone in the sun, and each man carried with him his entire wealth. This intrepid body of 10,000 savage horsemen plunged in a solid mass, with gleaming weapons and terrifying shrieks, upon the solid lines of French infantry. Bonaparte shouted to his men: "Soldiers! From those summits (pointing to the pyramids) forty centuries look down upon your actions." The on sweep of the Mameluke horse raised a cloud of impenetrable dust, blinding the eye and choking the throat. The five French squares stood the impetuous onset like

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solid rock. Not one was broken; not one wavered. The Mamelukes threw away their lives with the utmost recklessness. They even wheeled their horses round, and reined them back upon the enemy, that they might kick their way into these lines of living men. Unable to break the ranks, they hurled their pistols and carabines at the heads of the French. They displayed superhuman bravery; and not until more than two thousand of their number lay upon the burning sand did they turn and flee. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said Bonaparte, "I should have reckoned myself master of the world." The infantry, too, fled in confusion to the banks of the Nile and plunged in, attempting to swim to the farther bank, and thousands thus lost their lives.

Scarcely had victory been assured than the savants began the exploration of the pyramids. Bonaparte himself after the battle entered their mysterious portals and stood amid the mummies of the Pharaohs. At night, as the undisputed conqueror of lower Egypt, he took up his abode in the country palace of Mourad Bey, where many hours were passed in exploring its oriental splendors. Many a French soldier was made rich after the battle of the pyramids

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by the treasure that he was able to take from the body of a single Mameluke, the gold and trappings alone on any one Mameluke being worth from \$1,200 to \$2,000.

This bloody battle cost the French scarcely one hundred men in killed and wounded, while more than 10,000 of the enemy perished. "But," as Sir Walter Scott says, "it was not the will of Heaven that even the most fortunate of men should escape reverses, and a severe one awaited Bonaparte."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE — THE SYRIAN CAMPAIGN

ON August first (1798), ten days after the battle of the Pyramids, Lord Nelson with his splendid fleet, having learned that the French had landed in Egypt, came upon thirteen French ships of the line and four frigates under Admiral Brueys in the Bay of Aboukir, and after a terrible battle, which raged from six o'clock that evening until noon of the next day, gained a complete victory. This is known in history as the Battle of the Nile. Four French ships alone escaped, Admiral Brueys and five thousand brave French sailors were killed, and Napoleon was practically made a prisoner in Egypt with his thirty thousand men.

It was the great general's first reverse, and it was sudden and terrible. All Europe outside of republican France rejoiced, and every monarch settled himself more firmly on his throne.

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Nelson was overwhelmed with titles and presents. He was made Baron of the Nile and given a pension of ten thousand dollars a year. Every king and prince of Europe hastened to show him favor. Then followed new and more powerful combinations against France. With Bonaparte beyond seas and unable to return, now was the time to crush republicanism and seat the Bourbons on their hereditary throne.

But what of Napoleon? Does he act the prisoner? Does he rail at fate? Not a word or gesture betrays fear or discouragement. He writes to one of his generals: "We must die in this country or get out of it greater than the ancients. This will oblige us to do greater things than we intended. We must hold ourselves in readiness. We will at least bequeath to Egypt a heritage of greatness." Then this imperturbable, sphinx-like man takes his pen and writes to the widow of the brave Brueys: "I feel warmly for your grief. We feel, in such a situation, that there is nothing which yet binds us to life, that it were far better to die. But when, after such just and unavoidable throes, we press our children to our hearts, tears and more tender sentiments arise, and life becomes bearable for their sakes. Yes, madame! They will open the fountains of your

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heart. You will watch their childhood, educate their youth. You will speak to them of their father, of your present grief, and of the loss which they and the Republic have sustained in his death," etc. And yet there are those who say that Napoleon had no heart!

Napoleon was still master of Egypt, and he was a master infinitely wiser and better than any she had ever known. He drove the Mamelukes into the fastnesses of upper Egypt; he inspected routes for new canals and opened up old ones; he built fortifications and organized a government; he ransacked the monuments, and started Egypt on a career of progress, traces of which are even now felt in that ancient land.

Now, England, Russia, Turkey, Austria, Sardinia, Naples crouched like panthers to spring at the signal upon unhappy France. A great fleet was to land an army of the allies on the coast of Egypt. Another overwhelming force was to go against Napoleon by the way of Syria and the desert. A vast army was to come from India by way of the Red Sea. At the same time all Europe was to pour its armies across the Alps and, retaking the territory Napoleon had won, drive the French out of Italy. The Mamelukes, thus encouraged, sprang into

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activity again. Every Frenchman in Egypt seemed doomed to die.

Then the genius of Napoleon shone out. A revolt in Cairo was put down with a speed and a thoroughness that caused all Egypt to hold its breath in awe. In January (1799), hearing that a Syrian army had invaded Egypt on the east and had captured El Arish, Napoleon, at the head of but ten thousand of his men, suddenly appeared before this desert fortress at the midnight hour, after a five days' march of awful suffering in which men, crazed by heat and thirst, broke their muskets and prayed for death. The fight that followed was sharp and decisive; Napoleon was again victor with two thousand bloodthirsty Arabs as his prisoners. To keep them was out of the question, so they were allowed to go on the promise that they would nevermore bear arms against him. But no sooner were they out of sight than they made straight for Jaffa, where they joined the forces of "Achmet, the butcher," and were afterwards found in the front rank of the infidels pouring hot shot into the French columns. Napoleon then pressed on to Gaza where he won another battle, then on to Jaffa, which he reached March third.

The horizon was now black with tokens of

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disaster to the daring leader and his devoted band. The warships of England, Russia, and Turkey hovered along the coast, capturing or destroying supplies and reinforcements sent to him from Egypt, and landing armies under skilled European leaders with artillery and all the munitions of war.

With his usual confidence Napoleon summoned Jaffa to surrender. The reply was the head of the messenger elevated on a pole set on the wall of the city. Maddened to frenzy, the French soldiers, having previously made a breach in the wall, poured through the opening like so many demons of the under world. Jaffa became a pandemonium of horror. Napoleon tried to stop it; his aides, coming upon the scene of butchery, ordered the carnage to cease, and with two thousand prisoners, many of whom were the Arabs whom he had liberated at El Arish, came before him. The army cried for the blood of the treacherous infidels. Napoleon hesitated. His own troops were on short rations; they refused to divide with such prisoners. Napoleon still hesitated. To free these men again was to see them again arming themselves against his men, his "children," as he fondly called them. A council of generals was called one day to decide the question; it adjourned

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to the next, then to the next, and then by unanimous vote the prisoners were condemned to death; and so, on the sandhills near the coast, drawn up in small squares, they received the awful reward of their treachery. Napoleon by this act brought upon himself the name of a bloodthirsty savage and was accounted by Englishmen as no better than the infidels who knew no mercy. Yet Sir Walter Scott says of this act, "We do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty." Arguments have been piled high by friends and foes of Napoleon, blaming and excusing. Space does not permit our entering into the controversy. We can only say war is war; and to the man who is sent to conquer or to kill, the end oftentimes seems to justify the means. In his account of the event later, Napoleon says that under the same circumstances he would again do the same, "and so," says he "would Wellington, or any general."

"On to Acre" was now the word. This town was the most important military post in Syria and was defended by Achmet the butcher, supported by Colonel Philippeaux, a French royalist engineer and a former schoolmate of Napoleon, and, most important of all, by Sir Sidney Smith, an English admiral, who had

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just arrived with several English ships after capturing, a few days before, forty-four heavy siege guns that were being sent from Egypt to strengthen the French.

Napoleon sent a messenger calling upon Achmet to make peace. The infidel killed the messenger, and then Napoleon issued an address to the people of Syria showing that he had been provoked to war, and calling upon them to remain quiet in their homes, promising them his favor when peace should come.

Plague now broke out in the French army. Before it the stern soldiers of France quailed as they had not before cannons' mouths. The sick were abandoned by their comrades and even by their physicians. Napoleon, fearless here as ever, walked amid them, pressed their sores, encouraged them, and inspired them with even greater love for him.

The assault on Acre began. Win, and Napoleon was master of Syria and with a word he could change the face of the world!

An army of thirty thousand Turks, among them twelve thousand of the best horsemen in the world, was marching against him. With six thousand of his eight thousand available troops he went to meet them. At the foot of Mt.

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Tabor was then fought one of the most awful battles of history, and, astonishing to relate, Napoleon won it with six thousand men over an army of thirty thousand. Kleber, Murat (whom Napoleon said in battle was the bravest man in the world), and Napoleon himself divide the credit for the generalship displayed, and every French soldier won the name of hero.

Napoleon then returned to the siege of Acre. Sir Sidney Smith conducted the defense. Not counting on the extent of the French soldiers' loyalty to their leader, he caused circulars to be thrown over the walls, offering the free transportation to France of any French soldier deserting his commander. Not one accepted the offer. Napoleon said of Sir Sidney, "He has gone mad." Sir Sidney replied by a challenge to a duel. Napoleon said if he would send Marlborough from his grave he would meet him, but that if Sir Sidney must fight he would send a French grenadier to meet him.

For sixty days the siege had gone on. Three thousand Frenchmen had lost their lives and the hospitals were full. At this time thirty English and Turkish ships of the line arrived, the latter bringing twelve thousand fresh troops. Napoleon resolved to attack before

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they could be landed, and under the cover of night began the assault. The conflict was terrific, and in the end, which soon came, Napoleon, at the age of twenty-nine, met the first real disappointment of his world-conquering ambition. Crushed and beaten, he withdrew his shattered columns and began the long, terrible march back across the desert to Egypt. In his address to his troops he recalls to their minds that they, a handful of men, had maintained a war for three months in the heart of Syria, had taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed Gaza, Jaffa and Acre. "Soldiers! We have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having, by this campaign, secured ourselves from attack from the east, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

In twenty-five days the French army, or rather its surviving remnant, reached Egypt and entered Cairo in great pomp. Much of the way Napoleon had proceeded on foot, that the sick and wounded, of whom there were twelve hundred, might have conveyance. One day he saw an officer in full health riding a horse and refusing to give it to a sick comrade. Napoleon was so aroused that he struck the fel-

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low from his horse with the hilt of his sword. Even the artillery pieces were left in the sand that the horses might be used by the hospital corps.

Napoleon found the army he had left in Egypt in great discontent. They had been absent from home a year, and for the six months last past not a ship had been able to reach them from France. Then, too, a great army of English, Turks, and Russians was preparing to invade Egypt by way of the sea.

One day in July (1799) this fleet appeared in the Bay of Aboukir. It was said that eighteen thousand Turks had landed, and that the Mamelukes were gathering in upper Egypt. At four o'clock of the morning after receiving the news, the French army of only eight thousand men was in motion. By one of those incredible marches for which Napoleon was famous, the main division of six thousand came within sight of the Turks in five days. Two thousand under Kleber had not yet arrived; but Napoleon acted at once. It was six thousand travel-worn veterans against eighteen thousand well provisioned, well groomed Turks, led by English and French officers, entrenched and ready, and protected by the fleet in the harbor.

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“This battle,” said Napoleon to Murat, “will decide the fate of the world.”

The battle began at daybreak. By four o'clock of the afternoon victory perched upon the banners of Napoleon, after a battle which history records as one of the fiercest ever fought. Only two thousand prisoners were taken; few escaped, so that nearly sixteen thousand of the enemy were killed. Sir Sidney Smith, who was present and had chosen the Turkish position and directed to a great extent the movements of the allied forces, barely escaped alive to his ship. Thus the loss of Admiral Brueys and the French fleet of the year before in these same waters was mercilessly avenged.

After the battle Kleber came up with his two thousand men and, learning the glorious news of the day, threw his arms about Napoleon and cried, “Let me embrace you, general. You are as great as the universe.”

Napoleon now returned to Cairo, but not before receiving a bundle of papers from the English ships, giving the first news he had received from France for nearly a year. He now learned that France was in confusion. Universal war had been declared against her. Treaties had been broken. Austria had in-

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vaded Italy and regained her territories there. On every side armies were massing to sweep upon France and, crushing republicanism, seat the Bourbons again on the throne. It was now France against Europe; republicanism against monarchy.

In a moment the mind of this wonderful man was made up. He would return to France. She had more need of him now than ever. Perhaps he dreamed that it was greater to be master of France than to be master of Egypt — where, though a conqueror, he was, indeed, little more than a prisoner.

So having given directions for the government of the country and having marked out lines of reform and progress for those who were to remain, but keeping his intended departure a secret from all, he took a small party and proceeded to Alexandria. From here, with eight companions who were still ignorant of his intentions, he made his way to the coast. When night fell they found themselves embarking in a fishing-boat and being rowed in the direction of two frigates and two smaller boats that rode at anchor a short distance out. Napoleon then told his companions they were bound for France and their joy was beyond measure.

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After fifty days of anxiety, during which they several times barely escaped capture, the little fleet weighed anchor October ninth (1799) in the harbor of Frejus, and Napoleon was once more on the soil of France.

CHAPTER X.

NAPOLEON IN PARIS — THE REVOLUTION OF 1799 — THE CONSULATE

IN reality Napoleon was a general leaving his post without orders, and was subject to punishment; in appearance he was a prince and a conqueror returning to spread his trophies before the eyes of his subjects and to accept their homage. In five days he was in Paris, having been accompanied on his journey by the huzzas of the people. The trembling Directory received him with a great show of joy. A public dinner and reception followed and after that Napoleon disappeared from public view, avoiding notice, and assuming the habits and garb of a retired gentleman and student; but not for long. France had again become a threatening volcano, and the presence of Napoleon in Paris did not cause the earth to grow more solid.

Events now follow one another with start-

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ling rapidity, for France is rushing on with the speed of a hurricane to another revolution. The principal actors in the turbulent days at hand are Sieyès at the head of the Moderates, Barras at the head of the Democrats, both members of the Directory, Lucien (Napoleon's brother), and Talleyrand. Both the Moderates and the Democrats sought the support of Napoleon. He chose the Moderates and selected as his chief confidants (we had almost said conspirators) Lucien, Talleyrand, and Sieyès. Lucien was president of the Council of Five Hundred (corresponding to our House of Representatives), and Sieyès and his party held a majority in the Council of Ancients (corresponding to our Senate).

Napoleon now believed that if France was to be saved to a republican form of government and preserved from destruction at the hands of England and her allies, it must be through himself. Once convinced of this, his plan of action was like to his plan of battle — no hesitation, no delays, no counting the cost, no fear. With the friendship of Sieyès and his party and of his brother Lucien, he could count on powerful support in both legislative branches. He knew how he stood with the army and the people.

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Three regiments of dragoons asked for the honor of being reviewed by him, and forty officers of the National Guard asked leave to call upon and congratulate him, as did also the officers of the garrison of Paris. Napoleon appointed a day — the tenth of November (1799) and the time six in the morning. At the appointed hour the dragoons were drawn up at the Champs-Élysées and Napoleon's residence was filled with a great concourse of officers. The Council of Ancients met at seven o'clock the same morning in the Tuileries. Its president, who was in the secret, declared that the salvation of the State demanded urgent measures and proposed two decrees: That the meetings of the two legislative bodies be at once transferred from Paris to St. Cloud, some miles from Paris; and that Napoleon should be put in command of the troops in and about Paris. The Council agreed, and a messenger sped away to announce the decrees to Napoleon in the midst of his martial company.

Instantly mounting his horse, the general rode to the Tuileries and addressing the Council said: "You are the wisdom of the nation. I come, surrounded by the generals of the Republic, to promise you their support. Let us not lose time in looking for precedents.

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Nothing in history resembled the close of the eighteenth century — nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure; our arms shall put it in execution.”

The soldiers received the news with joy; the three out of the five members of the Directory not in the secret were astounded, and Moulins proposed to send a part of the directorial guard to arrest Napoleon, but the guard laughed at him. Barras sent his secretary to protest, and Napoleon sent him back word: “What have you done for that fair France which I left you so prosperous? For peace, I find war; for the wealth of Italy, taxation and misery. Where are the 100,000 brave French whom I knew—where are the companions of my glory? They are dead.” Then the Directors resigned their offices and the Directory was no more.

The Council of Five Hundred, which met at ten o'clock of the same morning, were indignant over their place of meeting being moved to St. Cloud, but they were helpless and adjourned with cries of “Vive la Republique.”

Calling to their aid the mob of Paris, they repaired to St. Cloud, whereupon Napoleon sent to watch and overawe them a strong body of soldiers under the command of Murat. At

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two o'clock of the following day the two legislative bodies met in their new quarters watched by the mob of Paris, who in turn were under the eagle eye of Murat and his men. A tumultuous debate at once began in the Council of Ancients, when suddenly Napoleon appeared among them, supported by armed men who stood just without the doors. In a short impassioned address he called on them for support in the name of Liberty and Equality. Shouts arose on all sides, "Vive Bonaparte." He then rode to the Council of Five Hundred, where the opposition to him was overwhelming in numbers. Shouts of "Down with the dictator" rang in his ears. He entered accompanied by four grenadiers, and alone strode to the center. A fierce outcry arose and many rushed toward him with murderous intent. The grenadiers sprang to the rescue and not without wounds bore him away. He then addressed the soldiers and was answered with "Vive Bonaparte."

The Council was now in an uproar. Lucien Bonaparte, its president, indignantly left the chamber and mounting a horse, cried out in the presence of Napoleon and his officers: "General Bonaparte, and you soldiers of France, the president of the Council of Five Hundred announces to you that factious men

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with daggers interrupt the deliberations of the Senate. He authorizes you to employ force. The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved." "Forward, grenadiers," was the order, and with bayonets at charge the soldiers cleared the hall. Napoleon had become another Cromwell.

The friendly members of the Five Hundred and of the Ancients now met in separate bodies and adjourned for three months, but not before placing the whole authority of the State in a provisional consulate — the consuls being Napoleon Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos. Thus was accomplished one of the greatest revolutions of history and without the shedding of blood. From that moment, scarcely a month after landing on the coast of France, Napoleon Bonaparte was the ruler of France. To be sure, he was but one of three consuls in the supreme command, but of the three Napoleon at once showed himself to be the real master of France — and he not yet thirty years of age!

CHAPTER XI.

NAPOLEON CHIEF CONSUL — THE CROSSING OF THE ALPS — MARENGO

THE legislative bodies having on November nineteenth adjourned until the following February, all power was now lodged in the three consuls and two small committees representing the Ancients and the Five Hundred. At the first meeting of the consuls Ducos and Sieyès proposed to Napoleon that he share with them in the division of \$160,000 which they (Ducos and Sieyès) had taken from the treasury and hidden away for themselves in anticipation of another revolution, but Napoleon flatly refused to touch the plunder. Of the three men, who were now virtually presidents of France, Napoleon was easily the master spirit, and it was well for his associates that they at once recognized it.

It will be impossible in the space at command

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to do more than outline the events of the days, momentous for France, that followed. Napoleon at once entered on the great task of restoring peace and prosperity throughout France. A regular system of taxation took the place of the income tax that had amounted to forced loans. The Bank of France was instituted. Tyrannical laws were repealed. Churches long closed were re-opened for Christian worship — this last against the protest of Napoleon's friends and advisers.

Twenty thousand persons were released from imprisonment. Exiles to the number of 140,000 were recalled and restored to the rights of citizenship, among them Lafayette and Carnot, the latter being at once placed at the head of the War department. Public improvements were inaugurated everywhere.

Employment was given to men of all ranks. Rogues and speculators Napoleon despised, but practical men — men who could and would work, were sought for and given places of honor and emolument. Napoleon himself worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day. Of course the army was immediately strengthened, provisioned, equipped, and paid.

A new constitution was drawn up and submitted to the people, who ratified it by an

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almost unanimous vote, providing for three assemblies or legislative bodies and three executives to be known as Chief Consul, Second Consul, and Third Consul, with Napoleon named as Chief Consul, Cambacérès as Second, and Lebrun as Third. By the provisions of this constitution, which we cannot enumerate, the power of the state was practically lodged in Napoleon, the Chief Consul. In announcing the constitution to the people, the consuls declared that it was grounded on the principles of representative government, and the sacred rights of property, of equality, and of liberty. The French people saw the hand of Napoleon in it all, and recognizing that at last a great and strong man that could hold France to a settled course was at the helm, they rejoiced and looked to the future with unbounded hope.

On February nineteenth, 1800, barely four months after his return from Egypt, Napoleon took up his residence in the Tuileries — the old home of the monarchs of France, threw open its splendid halls to pomp and ceremony, and himself adopted a dress of red silk. With consummate skill he grouped about him the ablest men of France, giving to each the post that he was best fitted to fill. Mutually jealous and suspicious of one another, each sought the

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favor of Napoleon and each did his bidding with more or less fidelity.

There was the distinguished, though immoral, Talleyrand for foreign affairs; Carnot for the War department; Fouché, a profligate, but with a perfect knowledge of every faction and intrigue in France, for head of the police. Napoleon met all criticism with the cry, "Forget the bad in the past and remember only the good. We are creating a new era."

Caste was abolished. Equality of all Frenchmen before the law was established. Every man must bear his proportion of the taxes, and every man was given to understand that he could aspire to the position for which he was fitted. It was about this time (December fourteenth, 1799) that George Washington died. On hearing the news Napoleon said, "The great light of the world has gone out," and at once ordered that crape be placed on the colors of France for ten days.

Having thus laid the foundation for peace and prosperity at home, Napoleon sought to establish that peace with foreign powers which alone would give tranquillity to France; so on Christmas day, 1799, he wrote to King George III. of England, asking that the wars

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that had ravaged Europe for the eight years past might be ended. England's king could not forgive France for her revolution, and the answer he made to Napoleon's proposals for peace was that he could see no favorable opportunity at hand for making peace and that he could see none in the future but through the restoration of the Bourbon kings to the French throne.

The answer of the French people was their finger pointed at the demand of the heir of the House of Stuart that George III. restore to him the throne of England, inferring that if the principle of legitimacy was to be recognized in England the English throne belonged to the Stuarts.

England's reply was virtually a declaration of war. On the very day of its receipt Napoleon issued a trumpet call to the armies of France, calling all the veterans who had ever served to form an army of reserve and making a levy of 30,000 new men. Already France had four armies in the field, stationed on her northern and eastern boundaries to hold in check the advance of her allied enemies, of which England and Austria were chief.

Napoleon himself could not legally command the armies, being First Consul, but he

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could be present with them and, through his choice of leaders, could really be general-in-chief. As nominal general-in-chief he chose his friend Berthier. Massena, beloved by the veterans of many battles, had been sent to command the Army of Italy, which was now barely holding the last post of defense against the Austrians on the Italian boundary. Moreau, second in reputation only to Napoleon himself, was given command of the armies of the Danube and Switzerland, henceforth to be known as the Army of the Rhine, composed of 150,000 men. The army of reserve, composed of the veterans, was to rendezvous at Dijon, ostensibly to support Massena and Moreau. But a far deeper plan lay in the brain of the First Consul, as yet known only to himself. While the Austrians were laughing and jesting over the little force at Dijon, troops were marching in every part of France on the roads leading thereto. The Army of Italy was in dire straits. That portion under Massena was besieged in Genoa by the Austrian General Ott. Nice was in the hands of the Austrian General Melas, who, with 30,000 troops, was preparing to enter France, join the Royalists, and win an easy victory.

As stated, Napoleon had a secret — a tre-

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mendous, dazzling secret; none other than a purpose and plan to climb the seemingly impassable Alpine barriers of snow and ice and, rushing down like an avalanche into the plains and valleys of Italy, come upon the Austrians in the rear. The name of Napoleon, already world-renowned, was about to shine with an almost supernatural light. A Russian army a short time before had tried to scale the Alps and had failed after losing half its number. Napoleon was to creep with an army equipped with all the heavy munitions of war up and over giddy heights where only the most intrepid mountaineer dare make his way. He was to spring suddenly from these mountain fastnesses and overwhelm an enemy proud, victorious, and outnumbering his own; this, too, with an army two-thirds of whose number had never seen a shot fired in earnest.

On May seventh Napoleon appeared at Dijon, spent two hours in reviewing some 8,000 half-clad troops, then hastened to Genoa, where he received a report from a trusty officer who had explored the passes of the mountains. Napoleon asked, "Is it possible to pass?" The reply was, "The thing might be done." "Very well — then it shall be," came the prompt and decisive rejoinder.

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Assembling the Army of the Rhine and the reserves of Dijon, Napoleon divided his force into four divisions which were to cross by four different routes. He himself took command of the main division of 35,000 men who were to perform the herculean task of transporting themselves and the heavy artillery over the huge barriers of the great St. Bernard. The start was made May fifteenth, and in one week the prodigious task was accomplished. Cannon were grooved into the trunks of trees and hauled by the men — often a hundred to one cannon. Gun carriages, taken to pieces, were strung on poles and carried on men's shoulders, the wheels being bound to the backs of mules. Knee deep often in snow and ice, they pushed on and up through freezing cold and on the very brink of deadly precipices.

Says one historian: "Extraordinary was their order, wonderful their gayety, astonishing their activities and energy. Laughter and song lightened their toils. Indeed, they seemed to be hastening to a festival." One little fort, at Bard, stuck up on the mountains, offered resistance, but a goat path was found leading up and around it over which the army passed with immense difficulty.

After five days Napoleon halted on the

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summit of the mighty St. Bernard at the convent of the Hospitallers. Here good monks, with their famous dogs, were devoting themselves to the work of saving the lives of travellers in the great mountains. Napoleon, with his usual foresight and fatherly care of his soldiers, had provided these monks in advance with the means by which they could meet every soldier as he passed with bread and cheese and wine. Thus cheered, the soldiers of France, with shouts of joy, began the descent into the fair fields of northern Italy, and soon the four divisions of the army were pouring out of the mountains toward Milan.

As stated, one division of the Army of Italy, under Massena, was shut up in Genoa, and another, under Suchet, was holding the very last line of defense on the old frontier of France. These were almost ready to give up. Indeed, the garrison in Genoa was in a state of starvation, the soldiers eating their shoes and their knapsacks. Had they known that Napoleon was coming they might have held out a little longer, but they did not, so on June fourth they surrendered to the Austrians on the condition that they be allowed to march out with arms and baggage and join their comrades under Suchet.

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Napoleon did not learn of the surrender until some days later. On the first of June Napoleon, with his whole army, crossed the Ticino, entered Milan, and reëstablished the Cisalpine Republic. Quickly the French then took Turbigo and Pavia and threatened Turin. Melas, commander of the Austrians, learning of Napoleon's arrival, assembled his armies at Alessandria to prepare for the battle that was to decide the fate of Italy. On June fifth, Napoleon, not yet knowing that Genoa had surrendered, sent Lannes with a division to attack Ott and relieve Genoa. At Montebello, Lannes came upon a strong force of Austrians and a bloody battle was fought resulting in victory for the French and the capture of 5,000 Austrians. This victory won for Lannes the title, afterwards conferred upon him, of Duke of Montebello. Then Napoleon, having heard of the fate of Genoa, sent word to Suchet to cross the mountains and march on the Scrivia, and he himself halted with his army at Stradella. Here for three days he awaited the enemy, but as it did not come he gave orders to advance and led the army down on to the plains of Marengo.

On the evening of June thirteenth nothing separated the two great armies of France and Austria save the river Bormida. The morning

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of the fourteenth saw the Austrians crossing the river and witnessed one of the greatest battles that was ever fought. The Austrians numbered 36,000 and the French 16,000. For hours the battle raged so close and so deadly that at times the muskets of the opposing forces nearly touched. Before the superior force of the Austrians the French at last gave way and started in mad retreat leaving all their artillery excepting twelve pieces with the enemy.

But the star of Napoleon was still ascendant. The French general, Dessaix, who had been separated at the beginning of the battle by half a day's march from the main body, suddenly in the midst of the rout appeared on the scene with his reserves. Riding up to Napoleon he cried, "I think this is a battle lost." "I think it is a battle won," said Napoleon, and immediately he sent in the division of Dessaix, at the same time riding along the lines of the fleeing columns, whirling his sword, and crying, "Soldiers, we have retired far enough. Let us now advance. You know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

Dessaix's brave men rushed upon the proud and victorious enemy and at the first fire the heroic Dessaix fell dead. Napoleon, coming up at this moment, embraced his dead friend

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and comrade of many battles and exclaimed, as his tears fell, "Alas, I must not weep now!" Then mounting his horse he pressed on with his now reinspired soldiers and, aided by a sudden dash upon the enemy's flank by the splendid cavalry of Kellerman, won a hard-earned victory. At ten at night, Melas, the aged commander of the Austrians, after once winning the battle but now suffering a disastrous defeat, assembled with difficulty beyond the river the remnant of his magnificent army, and the following day gave up to Napoleon all of Italy that France had lost during the latter's absence in Egypt. Before the smoke of the battle had died away Napoleon dispatched a swift messenger to the Emperor of Austria pleading for a general peace.

On the seventeenth of June the victorious Consul entered Milan and received a magnificent reception at the hands of the people. Then leaving the command of the Army of Italy to Massena, he returned to Paris, reaching there July second, having been gone less than two months. Paris, and all France, unprepared for his victorious coming, for they had heard a report of his defeat, were beside themselves with joy. Bonfires blazed everywhere. Men and women shouted and sang in the streets, and

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in every corner of the Republic the name of Napoleon was repeated with extravagant notes of praise. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, on hearing the news of Marengo, said, "Fold up that map" (referring to the map of Europe); "it will not be wanted for these twenty years." On July fourteenth, now the great national fête day in France, the heroes of Marengo, dust-covered and bearing their bullet-torn banners, entered Paris. As they marched on to the field of Mars the demonstrations of joy and affection that greeted them were overpowering. Napoleon declared that these were the happiest days of his life.

CHAPTER XII.

PEACE — REFORMS — CONSUL FOR LIFE — WAR
WITH ENGLAND — CONSPIRACIES

THE Bourbons now sought by bribes in the hands of priests and fair women to induce Napoleon to restore the monarchy. Failing in this, they determined to kill him, and in this they were aided by many an ardent republican who feared his ambitions; but plots were discovered, bombs burst at the wrong moment, and all came to naught.

The Austrians, though beaten at Marengo and though invited by Napoleon to make peace, encouraged by millions of money sent them by England, determined to keep up the war. Napoleon sent three armies against them which, winning victory after victory, marched nearly to the gates of Vienna. Only then did Austria break away from her alliance with England and sign a treaty of peace (February ninth, 1801) by which the Rhine was fixed as the boundary

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of France and by which France gained Tuscany, among other territory, and obtained Austria's acknowledgment of the Bavarian Republic and the Cisalpine and Ligurian commonwealths.

Napoleon now at thirty-three, supreme in France and powerful throughout Europe, held the proudest position which any European monarch had ever enjoyed. England alone now standing out against him, he formed a coalition against her of France, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden. This was rendered comparatively easy, for England had provoked nearly every European country by claiming and exercising the right of search of neutral vessels on the high seas. But Lord Nelson, by his great naval victory off Copenhagen, sunk a Danish fleet, and Denmark suddenly lost her admiration for Napoleon. Then followed the murder of Napoleon's friend Paul, the Czar of Russia, and the coming to the throne of his son Alexander, who was the friend of England. Thus the friendship of Russia was lost. Then, Kleber, whom Napoleon had left in command in Egypt, having been assassinated, the English and Turks, under General Abercrombie, reconquered Egypt.

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Napoleon perceived the hand of his arch-enemy — England — on every hand, pulling down as fast as he builded. On learning the news of the French defeat in Egypt, he exclaimed, “ Well, there remains only the descent on Britain.” With him to think was to act; in the course of a few weeks he had assembled 100,000 men on the northern coasts of France, while at anchor in the channel rode an immense fleet of flat-bottomed boats awaiting a favorable opportunity to transport the French army to the shores of England.

The English sprang like one man to the defense of their country. The old war dog, Nelson, rode the seas watching, with practiced eye, every manœuvre. Then followed negotiations for peace and the Treaty of Amiens (March, 1802), by which each nation made concessions, and universal peace, for the first time in ten years, reigned. Englishmen now flocked to Paris to see the workings of a European republic. Napoleon was the centre of interest. The palace of the Tuileries, under the hand of Josephine, seemed only another Court of Louis XVI. Napoleon’s labors at this time were prodigious. He was more than a peerless soldier; he was a peerless statesman, a peerless worker, and a peerless administrator

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of public affairs. He wore out one secretary after another and himself hardly took time for sleep.

Among the many great projects planned and executed was the establishment of a national system of education, which began with the primary school and ended with the polytechnic — a system which has remained to this day and has done so much for France and for the world. The codifying of a uniform system of laws, a gigantic undertaking resulting in what is universally known as the Code Napoleon, was accomplished. This system was based upon the theory that all citizens were equal before the law, and it remains to-day the best fruit of the French Revolution and the basis of the law of the State of Louisiana. Thus did Napoleon become a second Justinian. He planned innumerable public works — canals, roads, bridges, aqueducts, museums. He fixed a loftier moral standard for France. He doubled the products of the farm, cleaned and beautified the market places, championed the cause of liberty on the seas, encouraged manufactures, and by direct subsidies to home industry cut off foreign competition. No drone could live in this hive. Government securities rose to unheard of values, and when threatened with

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a decline in price he went into the market and fought the bears himself. He originated the Legion of Honor, meeting the criticism of those who declared that ribbons and crosses were mere child's rattles by saying, "Child's rattles — be it so; it is with such rattles that men are led." By this means Napoleon sought to distinguish the man, be he soldier or citizen, private or officer, who was an honor to his country and contributed to her prosperity and glory. So strongly did the Legion of Honor appeal to the people that even after the restoration of the monarchy it remained.

Napoleon now made what he afterwards declared with truth was a colossal mistake, and that was the signing of the Concordat, by which church and state were reunited as before the Revolution. By it the Pope was given the right to appoint to church positions, and France required to pay from her treasury church salaries to the amount of \$10,000,000 a year. No excuse can be found for this in the light of history save one: Napoleon would become a king, an emperor, and this ambition led him to use this means of winning the favor of the Pope and of Catholic Europe; instead, he gained little more than the suspicions of his friends and the universal hatred of his enemies. There

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was nothing to gain, there was everything to lose. He was already the idol of the people — a people ready and delighted to do his bidding; and by this one act he incurred hatreds and suspicions that were a mighty factor in his final undoing.

On January second, 1802, Napoleon received the honor of election to the presidency of the Cisalpine Republic. The French Senate then, as a mark of national gratitude, offered to extend his term as First Consul, which had only fairly begun, to another ten years. Napoleon refused to accept it unless by the vote of the people. At once the Senate proposed that his term be extended for life, and this being put to vote throughout the nation received an almost unanimous verdict of approval. On May fifteenth, 1802, he was proclaimed First Consul for life, and not three months later the Senate by edict empowered him to appoint by will his own successor. By these steps Napoleon was rapidly becoming absolute sovereign.

Then came further mistakes. He interfered between contending factions of the Swiss Republic and virtually made himself the ruler of that liberty-loving people. During the Revolution the black inhabitants of San Domingo, a French possession, had thrown off the French

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rule, and under the heroic Toussaint L'Ouverture had formed a Republic on the model of France. Napoleon, urged on by the white inhabitants of San Domingo, sent an army to recover it, and with partial success, the brave black leader dying in a French dungeon. Thus was the champion of liberty himself becoming the tyrant.

Much that Napoleon was doing in the name of freedom was indeed contrary to the Treaty of Amiens. Under that same treaty England had agreed to give up the Island of Malta to the Knights of St. John, but she had failed to do so. Each nation, therefore, accused the other of not having kept the treaty, and each with some just ground for its complaint. Finally the English, urged on by an abusive English press and misled by an exaggerated report made by her representative in Paris, and stirred up by a French report printed in a Paris newspaper and said to have been authorized by Napoleon, that six thousand French troops might reconquer Egypt, and by the publication of a book presented publicly to George III. representing Napoleon as the murderer of prisoners at Jaffa and poisoner of his own sick, declared war upon France, May eighteenth, 1803, and before the news reached

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France — indeed before May eighteenth—two hundred French vessels and \$15,000,000 of French property were seized by England. At once Napoleon retaliated by arresting all Englishmen then in France, numbering more than 10,000 persons.

The act of England was inexcusable; that of Napoleon, in the eyes of monarchical Europe, and especially of England, was intolerable. England then seized San Domingo and other French possessions. Napoleon saved Louisiana from the clutch of England only by selling her to the young republic beyond the seas — the United States. England then made war on Spain because she refused to join with her against Napoleon, but this drove Spain into the arms of France and put at the disposal of Napoleon the Spanish fleet and a million dollars a month in money. Napoleon then marched into Holland to threaten the English shores, and, pouring his army into the south of Italy, occupied Naples.

Again preparations were made in France to invade England. Fleets were made ready and 160,000 men gathered on the northern coast. Across the channel beacons blazed on every hill-top, the English springing to the defense of their country with over half a million men

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under arms and five hundred ships of war cleared for action. Fifty men-of-war were being fitted out by Napoleon in various European ports which were to concentrate at a convenient point and sweep the channel, but the watchfulness of Nelson prevented the carrying out of the design and scarcely a ship was able to leave port.

Suddenly Paris was surprised with the news that a powerful conspiracy against the life of the Chief Consul had been discovered, with headquarters in London, in which one Georges Cadoudal was the leading spirit, supported by Moreau, the French commander of the Army of the Rhine, and Pichegru and other royalists, all aided and abetted by the foreign enemies of Napoleon.

This news was speedily followed by the announcement of the arrest of the chief conspirators, and by the startling intelligence still later that a Bourbon prince, in many ways a good fellow, but guilty of treason and in the pay of the enemies of France, the Duc d'Enghien by name, had been arrested near the borders of France, hurried to Paris, tried in a night and shot dead by the orders of Napoleon. The blood of the victim was royal blood, and a great horror spread throughout Europe. From

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this act Napoleon's name received a stain that was never washed away, and gave some excuse to posterity for calling him tyrant.

On his death-bed at St. Helena Napoleon declared that he did the deed because it was necessary for the safety, the honor, and the interest of the French people, at the time when the Duc d'Enghien and his co-conspirators, by the admission of their chief, the Count d'Artois, had sixty paid assassins in Paris. A few days after the death of d'Enghien Pichegru was found dead in prison, and a little later Captain Wright, an Englishman, also lay lifeless in a French dungeon — mysteries that have never been cleared up, though the circumstances pointed to suicide. Moreau was brought to trial and banished for two years. Cadoudal, wearing about his neck a miniature of Louis XVI., and eighteen others were brought into court and were quickly adjudged guilty. All excepting seven who were of gentle blood were executed, the seven being banished. Thus did the "man of destiny" seek to confirm to himself the supreme power of France and to crush the hopes of the Bourbons and of monarchical Europe.

Every important prince of Europe was now his enemy at heart, if not openly, but France

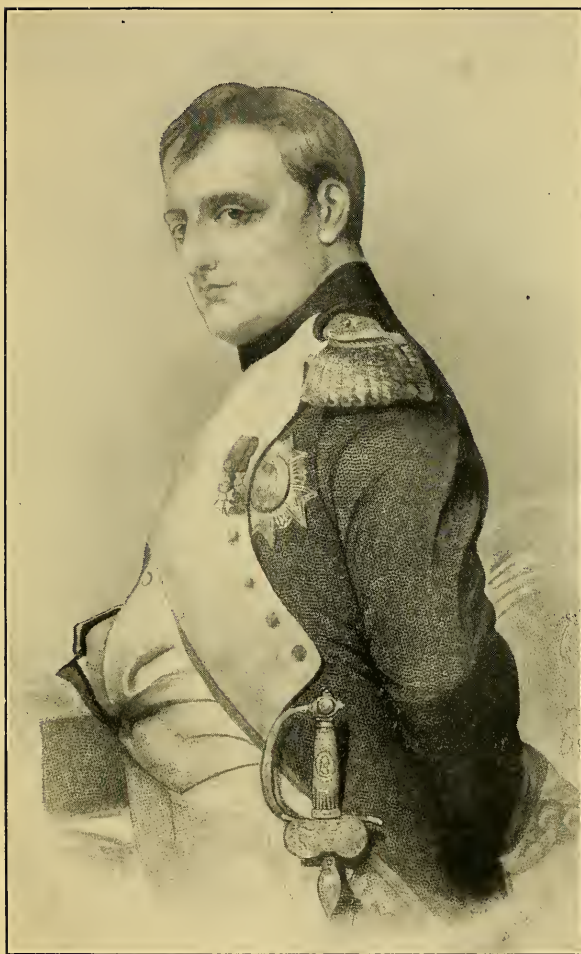
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was at his feet humble and submissive. He was now Consul for life, President of the Italian Republic, and virtually the ruler of Switzerland and Holland. But who, asked the people, shall rule when Napoleon is gone? What endless confusion must follow his death!

CHAPTER XIII.

NAPOLEON EMPEROR — DEATH OF NELSON —
AUSTERLITZ — JENA — EYLAU — TREATY
OF TILSIT

THE favorable opportunity had come, and on the thirtieth of April, 1804, the Senate adopted, with scarcely a dissenting voice, a measure afterwards ratified by the people by a vote of over 4,000,000 to 3,000 by which Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor of the French. On December second, 1804, by one of the most imposing ceremonials ever enacted, Napoleon was crowned in Notre Dame Cathedral by Pope Pius VII., who had come all the way from Rome to lend dignity and solemnity to the event. On the following May twenty-sixth, by the unanimous call of the Italian Republic, he was crowned as their king at Milan. At the coronation ceremonies Napoleon took the crown from the hands of the Pope



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and placed it on his own head and then he crowned the kneeling Josephine, as if recognizing no one, not even a Pope — the viceroy of God on earth — as fitted to do him honor. Likewise at Milan he placed the old iron crown of Charlemagne on his own head, repeating the words used by the Lombard kings of times past — “God hath given it me; beware, who touches it.”

We now hear only of empire, of emperor and empress, of princes and princesses, of high constables, grand admirals, grand marshals, grand huntsmen, and masters of the horse. The empire was to descend in the male line of Napoleon's descendants, and in case of his having no son he might adopt a son or a grandson of his brother's. The members of his family were declared princes of the blood of France. The army received the change with applause. Flattery and devotion met the emperor on every hand. Every crowned head in Europe, excepting those of Russia, Sweden, and England, congratulated him, and many princes came in person to pay their respects.

Scarcely had Napoleon returned from his coronation in Italy before he learned that a new coalition had been formed against him by

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England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, with a half-million men ready to take the field. The Czar Alexander of Russia was even then on his way to Berlin in person to win Prussia over to the alliance. Napoleon wished for peace, so on January 27, 1805, he wrote to George III. of England, who replied to the effect that it was impossible for him to negotiate without the consent of Russia.

Let us not make the mistake of thinking that Napoleon's wars up to this time had been of his own seeking. The honest reader of history must see at the heart of all these struggles the determination of England and the continent outside of France to put down republicanism and reëstablish the Bourbons on the throne. The kings of Europe could never rest so long as a plebeian without ancestry sat in one of the high places reserved for the aristocracy.

What might have been the history of France had Napoleon been left to carry out his gigantic purposes and plans with reference to her internal prosperity, we can only dimly imagine. Napoleon wanted peace that he might devote his time and energy to building up France at home, and his most bitter enemies tell us that even when in the saddle during the most arduous campaigns he was planning and putting

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into execution great projects for the improvement of the condition of his people.

In the war about to desolate Europe anew, Napoleon's old antagonist, Austria, was to take the lead. At once she marched her armies into Bavaria, and though that comparatively feeble country wanted to remain neutral, she was treated by Austria like an enemy. The armies of France were, as we have seen, scattered along her northern coast. With incredible celerity Napoleon marshaled them into six great divisions and almost before his enemies realized that he was on the move he had pushed across the Rhine. Within two weeks twenty thousand prisoners had fallen into his hands, and within twenty days the Austrian army of 80,000 men was utterly destroyed. The approach of the invincible Napoleon at the head of 186,000 men burning with enthusiasm was too much for the Austrian General Mack, shut up in Ulm, and, incredible as it may appear, without waiting for reinforcements and without striking a blow he surrendered the fortress with 36,000 men. Napoleon, with his staff, stood for five hours and watched this great army march out from the ramparts of Ulm and thus he addressed their officers: "Gentlemen, war has its chances. Often victorious, you

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must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting.”

Massena, who had been sent by Napoleon to fight his way into Austria by way of Italy, was equally successful, driving, in a few weeks, the Archduke Charles and 60,000 men out of Italy and in full retreat toward the Austrian capital. Marshal Ney, at the head of another division, was successful on the Upper Rhine against the Archduke John, and now these three great divisions of the French army were rushing on to Vienna. The Austrian Emperor and his household fled, and on November 13, 1805, Napoleon entered the capital of the Austrian Cæsars and took up his residence in the palace of Emperor Francis.

For a moment we turn from this theatre of warfare to another. Spain had declared war on England and had put her fleet at Napoleon's disposal. A battle took place off Cape Finisterre with the allied fleets of France and Spain, consisting of twenty sail of the line, 350 ships and four frigates on the one side, and the English fleet, with fifteen sail of the line and two frigates under Sir Robert Calder on the other. The English gained a nominal vic-

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tory, though they captured but two of the enemy's ships. The latter made at once for Cadiz. Admiral Nelson, of whom we have heard before, then took command of an English fleet composed of twenty-seven sail of the line and three frigates. The combined fleets of France and Spain now numbered thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates and carried four thousand troops besides their regular crews.

On October twenty-first, 1805, took place the battle so famous in history known as the Battle of Trafalgar, fought off Trafalgar on the coast of Spain. The ships of the allied forces were drawn up in double line; those of England came on in two columns, that of the admiral displaying at her masthead the signal that all the world has read, "England expects every man to do his duty." When the smoke of battle had died away nineteen ships of France and Spain were in the hands of the English and seven that had escaped had been rendered un-serviceable; but victory was at the tremendous cost of the life of the brave Nelson, who fell mortally wounded, exclaiming, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Napoleon remained but a few days at Vienna and then pushed on over the Danube

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into Moravia, fixing his headquarters at Brunn, two miles from Austerlitz. At Brunn the Austrian and Russian forces were concentrated under the eyes of their two emperors, Alexander and Francis, and on the second of December, 1805, were prepared for battle. At midnight of the first Napoleon laid himself down for much needed rest. In one hour he arose, mounted his horse and set out to reconnoitre. He strove to escape observation, but the soldiers recognized him, and springing to their feet they received him with shouts of enthusiasm. Lighting fires of straw and fixing them to their bayonets, the whole line blazed in welcome, while shouts from 80,000 soldiers rent the air. Napoleon asking the meaning of it was told that it was the anniversary of his coronation. He then retired to his tent and issued a stirring proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers," he said, "I will myself direct all your battalions. I will keep myself at a distance from the fire if, with your accustomed valor, you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but should victory appear for a moment uncertain you shall see your emperor expose himself to the first strokes. Victory must not be doubtful on this occasion."

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With such an appeal the veterans of France were roused to the highest pitch of frenzy.

By four o'clock the Russian columns were in full march to surprise the French. Napoleon was at once on horseback, a bugle sounded, and, as if by magic, the French army was in battle array. At first a fog obscured the field, then a ruddy glow appeared in the eastern horizon and the sun rose with unaccustomed brilliancy, producing a deep impression on the imagination of all. This was known afterwards as the "Sun of Austerlitz," and the veterans of this campaign in after years when beholding a brilliant sunrise recalled the one of this momentous day.

Riding along the line on a fleet horse Napoleon cried: "Soldiers, we must end the campaign to-day with a thunderbolt." The answer he received was the universal shout, "Long live the emperor."

The Russians, by the advance of one wing of their army, had weakened their centre. Napoleon on seeing it, declared: "In twenty-four hours that army is mine." With the speed of the wind the French force poured in upon the weakened point in the Russian advance. With stubborn bravery the Cossacks held their positions. The battlefield looked like a prairie

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on fire. Two such magnificent armies had never met. Then Murat, the intrepid leader of the French cavalry, galloped upon the field with thousands of gleaming swords in air, and before the eyes of the Emperors of Austria and Russia the centre of their armies was broken. Their right was surrounded and forced into a hollow, whence they attempted to escape over the ice that covered a few small lakes. The French gunners poured a storm of shot upon the ice and broke it, and here died 20,000 men. The two allied emperors, with the shattered remnants of their armies, fled in terror from the scene.

Thus ended the "Battle of the Emperors," Napoleon taking 20,000 prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, and all the standards of the Imperial Guard of Russia. After the battle the Emperor Francis of Austria called on Napoleon, promised never to fight against him again (a promise he did not keep), and obtained from him permission that Alexander of Russia might withdraw to his own dominions.

Prussia at this time had 200,000 men ready for the field. Alexander of Russia had in person endeavored to persuade Frederick William to join the coalition, but without entire success, though the two emperors, before the tomb of

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Frederick the Great, took an oath to sustain the cause of the allied kings. There can be little doubt that if Napoleon had been defeated at Austerlitz Prussia would have thrown her splendid army against him. As it was, she intrigued and evaded month after month. Frederick William's beautiful queen, Louise, fanned the indignation and zeal of her people and, dressed in the uniform of the regiment that bore her name, she rode at its head; but still Prussia held back. There can be little doubt, too, that Napoleon bribed Frederick William into an attitude of inaction by the gift to him of Hanover.

We cannot name the results, momentous as they are, of the Battle of Austerlitz. By it Napoleon became virtually ruler of the greater part of Germany. Austria gave up to the kingdom of Italy her Venetian territories and transferred to Bavaria her possessions of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg. Eugene Beauharnais, the son of Josephine, who had been made Viceroy of Italy, took in marriage the eldest daughter of the King of Hanover. Napoleon proclaimed that the royal house of Naples had ceased to reign forever and proclaimed his brother Joseph King of Naples. Principalities were conferred on Napoleon's sisters, Eliza and

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Pauline. His brother Louis, who had married Hortense, the fair daughter of Josephine, became the King of Bavaria. A confederation was formed by the Kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Berg, and other sovereigns of West Germany under the name "The Federation of the Rhine," with Napoleon as "Protector." This confederation was bound to place 60,000 soldiers at Napoleon's command. Thus was the Germanic Empire torn to pieces. Sweden, on the news of Austerlitz, suddenly became quiet. Napoleon then returned to Paris, signalizing his return by creating a new order of nobility known as princes, dukes, and counts, and granting to his appointees extensive estates in the newly conquered country.

Prussia was now to fall under the displeasure of Napoleon and to reap the same reward that Austria had reaped before her. The friendship of Prussia had been a purchased friendship. She now looked upon the Confederation of the Rhine with suspicion and sought to bring about such a coalition of the other Germanic states as would offset that of the West. The Czar of Russia was quick to take advantage of Prussia's state of mind. Again he visited Berlin and promised the assistance of his army. Eng-

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land was there with promises of money. Napoleon, with his usual farsightedness, knew that war must come and determined to strike a blow before Russia could march her armies to the assistance of her ally. The Prussians made the mistake of taking the field before reinforcements had come from their eastern neighbor.

Advancing into Saxony, they compelled the Elector of Saxony to ally himself with Prussia, and then took up a position on the Saale, in front of the French army which came on in three great divisions. The Prussians made the further mistake of extending their line too far and of so placing it that their stores and magazines were behind their extreme right. Napoleon at once grasped the situation and, sending in his forces upon the enemy's right, turned it, took possession of the stores and magazines and blew up the latter. The Prussian king, finding himself about to be surrounded, formed his army into two divisions, and one, under his own leadership, retreated toward Nuremberg, the other, under General Molendorf, toward Jena.

On the evening of the thirteenth of October Napoleon arrived at Jena and found the enemy ready to meet him. Napoleon's own heavy

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train of artillery was thirty-six hours' march in the rear, but, nothing daunted, he ordered his men to work all night in cutting a road through the rocks and in drawing up their light guns on the neighboring heights. Both armies were closing in battle the next day before the sun revealed to either commander the divisions of his foe. As soon as the sun had risen Napoleon, with his glass, saw where a bold charge would decide the battle and ordered Murat to advance with his cavalry. These brave horsemen leaped to the contest, dashed through the enemy's lines, spreading havoc on every side. Twenty thousand Prussians were either killed or taken prisoners, and 300 cannon, sixty royal standards, and twenty generals were the trophies of French victory. Thus was defeated an army that started out with 150,000 men, led by kings and princes, and thus the Prussian monarchy lay at the feet of Napoleon. One after another her strong fortresses fell into the victor's hands, and he himself, on October twenty-fifth, entered Berlin, Frederick William of Prussia having fled to Königsberg.

While at Berlin Napoleon visited the tomb of Frederick the Great, where Frederick William and Alexander had sworn allegiance against France. Napoleon, it is said, took



MURAT AT JENA

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from the mausoleum of Frederick the Great the sword and orders of the Great Frederick and sent them to Paris, saying, "These orders and sword shall witness no other scene of perjury over the ashes of Frederick." He sent to Paris also the best pictures and statues of Berlin and Potsdam. Thus he laid the foundation for the seemingly undying enmity that has existed for generations between the German and the French.

Napoleon was now the master of the whole seacoast of continental Europe excepting only that which bordered the territories of Russia and Turkey. At Berlin he announced what is known as the Decrees of Berlin, in which he sought to punish England by way of her commerce. In these decrees he declared the British Islands to be in a state of blockade and that any intercourse with that country would be considered treason against himself. At this time a deputation from Paris came to Berlin to congratulate him. They carried back with them the trophies of his victories and a demand for a new levy of 80,000 men.

Napoleon now advanced to meet the Russians, who were still unconquered and in the field. Between Russia and Germany lay stricken Poland. Napoleon allowed Poland to

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believe that her savior was at hand. Kosciusko wrote a stirring appeal from Paris and the Polish officers of the French army wrote glowing accounts of the high character of Napoleon, promising that the great conqueror would restore to them their ancient grandeur; thousands of brave Poles therefore rushed to swell the army of the conqueror. The French army reached Warsaw, the capital of Poland, November 28, 1806. Soon it encountered the Russian army under Bennigsen and drove it back from post to post until it made a stand at Pultusk. Here the French charged and met with a repulse which was nothing less than a disaster, 8,000 French, among them Lannes, being either killed or wounded. Had the Russians followed up their advantage, defeat must have come to Napoleon. As it was, the French quietly retired into winter quarters, the emperor taking up his residence in Warsaw and stationing his army in the towns round about. But the Russian army was not idle. They were better able to stand the severe cold of this latitude, and in detachments they struck telling blows here and there upon the French outposts. Napoleon, therefore, determined to move before spring. His first attempt was to get in the rear of the enemy and cut them off from a

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retreat toward Russia. In these manœuvres the French soldiers suffered terribly, living part of the time on frozen roots. Finally the soldiers demanded battle. Death was better than the horrible suffering they were undergoing. The Russian army numbered 100,000 men and was located at Eylau. Napoleon reached there February seventh, and on that day fighting took place in and about the town with great loss on both sides. On the eighth the French charged at two points but were repulsed. A fierce storm arose at midday, the snow blowing into the eyes of the Russians. The neighboring village of Serpallen took fire and dense smoke rolled over the battle-field. The conflict raged till ten at night and was the longest and fiercest Napoleon had yet fought. After fourteen hours' continuous fighting the two armies held the same positions they held at the beginning. Fifty thousand corpses lay upon the frozen ground, fully one-half of whom were French, and twelve French standards were in the hands of the Russians. The battle ended without victory for either side, the Russians retiring toward Königsberg with their captured standards and the French not pursuing. Five days later Napoleon offered to Frederick William at Königsberg a nearly complete res-

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toration of his dominions if he would accept a separate peace; but Frederick William refused the offer.

On February nineteenth Napoleon retired on the Vistula and summoned new forces from France. Dantzic, which had held out up to this time, was taken on May seventh, and then Napoleon took the field again with 280,000 men. After a few smart engagements with the Russian army of 90,000, Napoleon, on June thirteenth, came upon the main body of his enemies on the west bank of the Aller, opposite Friedland. Napoleon deceived the Russian general, who with his army was on the west bank, into thinking that he was in the presence of but a small body of French, whereupon the Russians sent a small detachment across the river to the attack. Napoleon, by a preconceived plan, retreated, and by so doing drew a greater and greater force across the bridge until finally the whole Russian army had crossed and had the river at their back.

At ten of the morning of the fourteenth the battle of Friedland began, and at five in the evening, after a general assault, the French were victorious and the Russians in retreat. On June twenty-first an armistice was agreed upon and on the twenty-



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fifth Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander met on a raft in the river, embraced, and retiring under a canopy held a long conversation in secret. Then Tilsit was made a neutral town and here the two emperors lived for a time on terms of intimacy. Frederick William also came to take part in the negotiations, but Napoleon received him with scant courtesy. The treaty made at Tilsit gave up to Frederick ancient Prussia and upper Saxony, but Frederick was to remain the vassal of Napoleon. The Prussian dominions of lower Saxony and on the Rhine, with Hanover and other States, became Westphalia, with Jerome Bonaparte as its king. This Jerome had been under the displeasure of Napoleon by having married a Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, in the United States. Now he was reconciled, having consented to marry a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. There could be little doubt but what there were secret articles in the treaty at Tilsit by which Europe was to be divided between Napoleon and Alexander. It was the discovery of these that led England a little later to fan again the flames of war. The following August Napoleon returned to Paris to receive the homage of a people delirious from oft-repeated victories.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONQUEST OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL — WAR WITH AUSTRIA

THE Treaty of Tilsit was ratified July 7, 1807. With this treaty the sun of Napoleon reached its meridian splendor; from that time on its glory waned till its final setting forever in Waterloo. Up to this time the sympathies of every unbiased student of history must go to the man and the people who among the nations of Europe alone sought to maintain the equality of all men before the law, to abolish caste and special privilege, and to promote popular liberty and equal justice as between man and man. From now on the friend and admirer of Napoleon must excuse and palliate and defend, and oftentimes must hide his head in confusion. Eaten up by an ambition born of success unprecedented in the history of the world, Napoleon forgot France, forgot liberty, forgot all but himself, until going from

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blunder to blunder he fell — never to rise again.

For a few brief months after Napoleon's return to Paris tranquillity reigned throughout Europe, but the fires of hatred were smoldering and required but a little breeze to fan them into flame. Nominally, at least, the continent was now united with Napoleon against England, and the Decrees of Berlin promulgated by him, by which English goods were to be kept out of France, were made operative throughout the continent, excepting Spain and Portugal. England retorted with a declaration that she would search all merchant vessels, and that neutrals should not be allowed to trade unless they had touched at a British port and paid duties there. Napoleon then declared that any ship submitting to England's demands should be treated as an English ship.

England could not be expected to remain quiet under such provocation. About the middle of August an English fleet, with a force under Sir Arthur Wellesley, appeared before Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, bombarded the city for three days and three nights, destroying public buildings, churches, libraries, and eight hundred of the homes of the citizens as well as hundreds of men, women, and chil-

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dren, and received its surrender with that of the Danish fleet. Napoleon was enraged. Alexander of Russia dismissed the British Ambassador from St. Petersburg, and Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark declared war on the commerce of England. This would have been greatly to the advantage of Napoleon had he not thrown away the good fortune, thus fallen in his lap, by a blunder almost unexplainable.

English goods were finding their way into Europe by way of Portugal. By a series of intrigues it was agreed between Napoleon and the imbecile King Charles IV. of Spain, in the Treaty of Fontainebleau, that Spain was to furnish 27,000 troops and France 28,000 for the invasion of Portugal, while France was to assemble 40,000 troops as a reserve at Bayonne ready to take the field if England interfered. In November, 1807, the allied armies under Junot poured into Portugal; it surrendered almost without the shedding of a drop of blood, the prince-regent fleeing in an English ship to the Brazils.

Napoleon's eye was now, if not from the very first, on Spain itself, where a weak king, a profligate queen and her paramour (Godoy), and Prince Ferdinand, the heir-apparent, were

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intriguing against one another, each at the head of a party of corrupt nobles. Napoleon thought the fruit ripe for the plucking and marched his army of reserves, under Murat, into Spain, and another army of 12,000 through the eastern Pyrenees, and gained by treachery or in the guise of friendship one after another of the Spanish strongholds in the north of Spain.

Each of the Spanish parties supplicated aid from Napoleon in his quarrel against the others. Charles IV. asked protection against his son, and Ferdinand asked the hand of a Bonaparte princess in marriage. Napoleon listened and put off answering, meanwhile pushing his armies slowly but surely into the heart of the country. At last a panic seized the Spanish capital, Charles IV. abdicated the throne, and Ferdinand was proclaimed king. Murat, now in command of the French armies in Spain, surrounded the Spanish capital with 30,000 troops, and on March 23, 1808, with 10,000 men entered Madrid. Charles IV. and Ferdinand now each appealed to Napoleon for recognition. Each was led to believe that something might be had by appearing before Napoleon in person; so in April at about the

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same time each appeared at Bayonne and had audience with the emperor.

The result was that Charles IV. resigned his crown for himself and his heirs, accepting in return a pension, as did also Ferdinand. Godoy was exiled to Italy and pensioned. Thus Spain and Portugal were added as gems to the crown of the victor, but by means which though comparatively bloodless will not bear the light of enquiry. But, after all, he was but following the precedent of his times as set by Russia, England, and Prussia, whose empires were built after the same method. Napoleon himself seems to have apprehended the danger of the step he was taking in usurping the throne of an old and proud people, for in cautioning Murat against going too fast he says, "Remember, if war breaks out, all is lost."

Soon all Spain was in insurrection. Messages were flying to England invoking aid she was eager to lend, and in every court of Europe there was ill-concealed satisfaction over the fatal step that had thus been taken by the hitherto shrewd conqueror.

With 80,000 troops in Spain Napoleon soon reëstablished tranquillity in Madrid, and summoning the Council of Castile commanded

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them to elect a new sovereign, which they did by naming Napoleon's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Naples. Joseph, protected by Napoleon's army, reached Madrid in safety and was crowned king July 24, 1808. Murat, who it is said was disappointed in not being selected by Napoleon, was made King of Naples.

Portugal burst into insurrection and allying herself with the loyal part of Spain concluded a treaty of offense and defense with England. The forces now opposed were gigantic. Napoleon could summon one-half a million men commanded by the best generals of Europe, accustomed only to victory. The name of Napoleon was worth an army in itself. Great Britain had a standing army of 200,000, and the largest and best fighting navy in the world. France, with 80,000 troops, held one-half of the fortresses of Spain. The credit of each nation was unlimited and each believed in the justice of its cause.

The first great battle between the French and Spaniards was at Riosecco, July 14, 1808, where 20,000 Spaniards fell. Elsewhere the Spaniards were more successful; in a series of combats divisions of the French army were repulsed or driven back by loyal Spaniards —

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men and women, who fought together in the ranks headed often by their priests. At Baylen, 20,000 French troops surrendered after a long and desperate battle. Within a few days Joseph Bonaparte fled from Madrid to Vitoria. Then occurred the famous siege of Saragossa by the French, in which the Spaniards displayed wonderful bravery and almost unparalleled heroism, resulting in the retreat of the French after a vain effort to overcome the town continuing through two months.

On August 8, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in Portugal with 10,000 English troops and immediately set out for Lisbon. Junot, commander of the French army in Portugal, had 24,000 troops. On August 21, the two armies met, and the result was a defeat for the French with a loss of thirteen cannon and 2,000 men. In a few days the French withdrew from Portugal under the terms of an armistice by which they surrendered their magazines, stores, and armed vessels, on condition that the French soldiers be carried to a French port and be permitted to take with them their private property.

Napoleon now saw that he himself was needed in the field to retrieve the losses of his generals, and determined to cross the Pyrenees

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with an army that would carry everything before it. There were at this time 60,000 French troops in Spain, opposed by three independent Spanish armies of a total strength of about 125,000. Napoleon, with 200,000 fresh troops, marched through France to the Pyrenees. "Comrades," he said, "let us bear our triumphant eagles to the Pillars of Hercules! . . . What you have done, and what you are about to do, for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart!"

Leaving his army for the moment, Napoleon met Alexander of Russia in a conference at Erfurt, where the two sent a message to the King of England proposing peace. His reply was in the negative. Then giving orders to strengthen his armies in Germany and Italy, for fear of Austria, Napoleon hastened to Paris, then to Bayonne, and then to Vittoria, where in an inn he called for a map and in two hours had planned his campaign and put the forces in motion. In an incredibly short time he opened the way to Madrid.

On November 30, 1808, Napoleon with his guards reached the defile of the Somosierra, ten miles from Madrid, and found 12,000 men defending the pass. Sixteen

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pieces of artillery completely swept the road. Napoleon rode to the mouth of the pass, and surveying the scene, ordered his Polish lancers to charge up the road in face of the battery. The brave fellows, led by General Krazinski, fearlessly obeyed, with the result that the Spaniards fled, leaving their cannon and their dead on the field. Napoleon now encamped about Madrid, which was in a terrible state of confusion, bells ringing, ferocious bands parading the streets, and scenes of violence occurring everywhere. On December 4 the city surrendered and the French army marched in.

After issuing edicts abolishing the inquisition and feudal rights, and proclaiming an almost general amnesty, Napoleon set out for Portugal, where there existed a feeble Spanish army in scattering detachments and an English army of 33,000 men under Sir John Moore which was advancing into Spain. Napoleon put himself at the head of 50,000 men and started for Lisbon. The English heard of it and at once turned about and began a disastrous retreat, reaching the seacoast at Corunna just in time to embark and set sail — but without their commander, who fell gallantly fighting.

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Napoleon did not return to Madrid, as would seem natural, there to complete the work of conquest, but to Paris, where there was urgent need of his presence, for Austria had again declared war. Riding on post-horses, a part of the time as fast as thirteen miles an hour, he reached Paris January 22, 1809. Francis of Austria had never recognized Joseph as King of Spain, and had never forgotten his losses through the battle of Austerlitz. A bribe of \$20,000,000 paid him by England helped him to forget his treaties with Napoleon. Napoleon's keen eye had noted before he left for Spain the warlike preparations of his old enemy and was not unprepared when, on April 6, Austria declared war.

A half million men were now under the banners of Francis of Austria, commanded by the Archduke Charles, of whom we have before heard. In a few days the Archduke Charles crossed the Inn with 300,000 men, the Archduke John with two divisions started for Italy, and the Archduke Ferdinand stationed himself with a division where he could repel Russia in case Alexander took up the French cause. Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, at once went to Strasburg, where on April 13 he formed his plan of campaign. He ordered the

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two widely separated wings of his army, under Massena and Davoust, to march forward and converge to a centre; he himself advanced between them; in doing so the French hemmed in two divisions of the Austrians, which on the 21st surrendered 9,000 men, thirty cannons, and all their stores. By splendid generalship Napoleon now by different routes led the divisions of his army to a point where at the same moment they converged on the divisions of Archduke Charles and after a hard battle (at Eckmuhl) the Austrians left in Napoleon's hands 20,000 prisoners, fifteen colors, and nearly all their artillery. The archduke made another stand at Ratisbon, but was again routed and fled into Bohemia, leaving Vienna at Napoleon's mercy. On May 10th the conqueror, after a short bombardment of the city, received its surrender and again took up his residence in the palace of Francis.

The Archduke Charles, having recruited his army in Bohemia, posted himself strongly on the left bank of the Danube. Napoleon, coming up on the right bank, found the river swollen and well-nigh impassable. On May 20th, however, by means of a bridge of boats, he succeeded in crossing at Ebersdorff. On the 21st the two armies met, the Austrians being

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splendidly posted on rising ground and protected by 200 pieces of artillery. The first day's fighting brought partial success to the Austrian arms after terrible carnage. The following morning victory for the French seemed secure, when it was found that fire-ships had been sent down the river and that a part of the bridge between the island of Lobau and the right bank was destroyed and Napoleon's army was cut off from the reserve which still remained across the river. Napoleon at once retreated across that part of the bridge that remained on to Lobau and adjacent islands. Here he was cooped up, separated by a raging flood from his reserves, until, on July 4, 1809, he established communications with the right bank and arranged for crossing to the left bank again at a point where the enemy did not expect him.

When the Austrians perceived this move they took up their position with the town of Wagram as their centre. Here on July 6, a great battle took place. Napoleon poured the whole strength of his army upon the Austrian centre, which had been weakened by being extended too far, and after a sanguinary contest Napoleon took 20,000 prisoners, and all the enemy's baggage and artillery. At this

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battle fell Lannes, a general of magnificent courage, both of his legs shot away by a cannonball. Napoleon knelt by his side, his clothing stained by the blood of the hero, and cried, "You will live, my friend, you will live"; but it was not to be so. Thus ended the war with Austria.

To return for a moment to Spain: Saragossa, again besieged, had surrendered to the French. The French under Soult had been defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley at Oporto, as had been Marshal Victor by this same able English general at Talavera. Elsewhere in Spain battles had raged with varied results. Portugal was again in the hands of the English under command of Wellesley (after the battle of Talavera created Lord Wellington).

Napoleon remained in the palace at Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, till October of this year, 1809. Here an assassin attempted to take his life, but was caught just as his dagger was about to enter the emperor's body. Napoleon asked of the assassin, "What injury have I done you?"

"To me, personally, none," he answered, "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world, and to have put you to

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death would have been the highest glory of a man of honor.”

That Napoleon should quarrel with the Pope of Rome seemed inevitable, seeing that in Spain the Catholic clergy were leading in the insurrections and the Pope had refused to join with him in his war with England. The quarrel culminated in a decree by Napoleon stripping his Holiness of nearly all of his Italian territory and annexing it to the kingdom of Naples. In February, 1809, a French division of the army took possession of Rome itself; the Pope, however, was permitted to remain in the Vatican, attended by his guards. On May 17th the emperor issued a decree that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was wholly at an end, incorporating Rome with the French empire, settling a pension on the Pope, and appointing a committee for the civil government of Rome. The Pope thereupon excommunicated Napoleon. Then, under pretext that the Pope's life was in danger, the French general in command in Rome arrested the Pope and for over three years he remained a prisoner at Fontainebleau, though treated with great courtesy.

The treaty of peace with Austria brought many changes, chief of which was the giving up

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by Austria of territory to the amount of 45,000 square miles and a population of nearly four million people, the losing of every one of her seaports, and the payment of \$20,000,000. Napoleon's demands are generally conceded to have been moderate, and a reason for his moderation may be found in the following chapter.

Napoleon left Vienna October 16th, and on the 14th of the following month the public bodies of Paris addressed him as "the greatest of heroes, who never achieved victories but for the happiness of the world."

CHAPTER XV.

JOSEPHINE DIVORCED — NAPOLEON MARRIES
MARIA LOUISA OF AUSTRIA — WAR WITH
RUSSIA — THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

NAPOLEON was now at the head of a magnificent empire of eighty million people. But what if he should die?

Josephine had borne no children to Napoleon, and the matter of an heir to the imperial title had for some time given great concern to the emperor. Hortense, Josephine's daughter by her first husband, had borne to her husband a son, Louis Bonaparte, who was for a time regarded as the heir to France, but the boy died of croup in infancy. It was thought, too, by some that Napoleon would adopt Eugene, Hortense's brother, but it was not to be.

There is no doubt but that, desiring a son and heir, Napoleon had for some time contemplated divorcing Josephine and marrying a princess from some one of the royal families of

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Europe. There is evidence that he made overtures at the Peace of Tilsit, and afterwards at the conference at Erfurt, to the Czar of Russia for the hand of the Czar's sister, and that his overtures were received coldly. There is ample proof that Napoleon loved Josephine; his letters to her were full of ardent devotion. She was easily the most brilliant woman in Europe and lent a splendor to the court of France that added immensely to its influence and renown. Napoleon was not insensible to her queenly qualities. There are historians who seek to detract from the character of Josephine, but the world has been slow to believe the stories, many of which were no doubt inspired by her enemies.

This chapter in the life of Napoleon is an exceedingly sad one. How sincere Napoleon was in his declarations that he set Josephine aside for reasons of state, we shall never know. The claim made by him and for him by his friends, was that his love for France and his interest in her welfare was so great that he would break the dearest ties and sacrifice his own happiness to serve her interests.

Josephine, while presenting to the world an appearance of unalloyed happiness as the mistress of the most splendid court in Europe,

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trembled at heart as she saw the dazzling heights to which her imperial master had risen. Hints more or less full of meaning had reached her from various sources that the interests of the state demanded that Napoleon should have an heir, so that when Fouché, with studied diplomacy, presented the subject to her and asked her, for the good of France, that she allow herself to be divorced, she was not unprepared for the blow. Still, unable to believe that her loving spouse had taken this means of gaining her consent, she hurried to Napoleon and demanded whether he had authorized the proceeding of his minister. Napoleon denied it, but on her demanding that Fouché be dismissed he refused, and thus practically admitted that Fouché's procedure had not been contrary to his wishes.

After several tearful interviews Josephine accepted the inevitable. On December 15, 1809, Napoleon announced the dissolution of his marriage to his Council, and Josephine, appearing before them, consented thereto. The title of empress was to continue with her for life, and she was to receive a pension of two million francs, to which Napoleon added a third million. The heartbroken queen left the Tuileries for her villa of Malmaison. It has

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been said that when Napoleon repudiated Josephine he repudiated Europe.

In a few weeks it was announced that Napoleon had demanded and received the hand in marriage of Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis of Austria. On March 11th, 1810, they were married by proxy in Vienna. On March 28, Napoleon met the young archduchess, as in her carriage she was proceeding toward Paris, and, brushing aside all ceremony, pushed aside the curtains of her carriage and introduced himself to his bride. On April 2, the wedding was repeated with great splendor in Paris. Then followed a tour of the provinces. The royal bridegroom for a time devoted himself to his bride with every mark of affection. "He made love," says one, "like a Hussar," but letters at intervals passed between him and Josephine and his visits to Malmaison were not infrequent.

While Napoleon was thus engaged in affairs of the heart, he did not forget that he still had a stupendous task before him in subduing Spain and Portugal, where the war, of which we read in the preceding chapter, was still in progress. To be sure, Joseph was on the throne propped up by 300,000 soldiers, but the greater part of the country was still in the possession of the

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enemy, the French holding but a few districts, and in these being shut up in their fortresses. Massena, second only to Napoleon as a general, was in command of 100,000 Frenchmen known as the Army of Portugal. With these he sought to drive the English, under the command of him who afterwards was known as the Duke of Wellington, out of the peninsula. Opposed to Massena were 20,000 British troops and 30,000 Portuguese. Massena pushed them little by little toward Lisbon and the sea. At last Wellington halted in a strong position protecting the port of Lisbon. Massena found it impossible to advance, and for many months lay exposed on every side to the attack of the Portuguese peasants, threatened with famine from having his communications in the rear cut off and finding the country about him laid waste by the inhabitants.

At last Massena was forced to retreat. Lord Wellington started in hot pursuit until the French, crossing the Portuguese boundary, were emboldened, by the receiving of reinforcements, to return. A battle was fought on the fifth of May, 1811, and the French once more defeated. Massena was recalled and Marmont sent to take his place.

Wellington now had full possession of Por-

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tugal. In rapid succession he took three important fortresses. On the 21st of July, 1812, the armies of Wellington and Marmont lay facing each other near Salamanca. The following day a great battle ensued in which the French lost 7,000 men and were sent flying toward Madrid. Wellington then pushed on and soon entered the capital of Spain, King Joseph fleeing on his approach.

To go back a few months: A son was born to Napoleon and the empress on the twentieth of March, 1811, and Napoleon taking him in his arms cried to his courtiers, "Gentlemen, the King of Rome." The announcement of the birth of the child in the royal palace was made by signal rockets, and when immediately thereafter one hundred and one guns proclaimed that the child was a boy, all Paris went into a frenzy of enthusiasm, the people rushing into the streets and squares, filling the air with shouts of "Long live the Emperor," and many shedding tears of joy. Napoleon was delirious with joy. Secretly he hastened, a little later, to show the child to Josephine, who caressed it and cried over it as if it were her own. Never had a child been ushered into the world with such a magnificent welcome nor been born to so magnificent a heritage.

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Many things now conspired to unsettle France and dim the lustre of the great name of Napoleon. The alliance with Austria on his marriage to Maria Louisa was unpopular with many of the republicans, who saw in it the last fatal step toward a ruling dynasty. The putting aside of Josephine had been far from popular with another faction. The ill-success of the French armies in Spain and Portugal had brought about the suspicion that the tide of military success had turned. Fouché, who had dared, without authority from his master, to send a delegation to London to ask on what terms the English would make peace, was banished. Napoleon's quarrel with the Pope had made him bitter enemies among the papal party. New prisons were built throughout France and filled with political prisoners. The press had become enslaved. Russia had taken offense at the Austrian alliance, for, should Spain and Portugal be conquered, this alliance would leave Russia as the only prize worth fighting for that still remained on the continent to whet the insatiable ambition of the French emperor. Everywhere could be heard rumblings of an approaching storm that boded ill to the "Man of Destiny."

Napoleon at this time had at his disposal

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over two million men. Eight hundred thousand of them were at his immediate command ready for the field. Not counting the 300,000 that were in the Spanish Peninsula, he could bring an army of 650,000 against Alexander, should war break out. Napoleon might have come to honorable terms with him, but intoxicated by his successes he helped to widen the breach and precipitate war. Talleyrand argued and Fouché earnestly urged the emperor against marching upon Russia, but both felt at once of what little effect were their words. Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, appealed to him on the ground that the war would be a Heaven-provoking crusade. The emperor led the cardinal to a window, and pointing upwards, said: "Do you see yonder star?"

"No, sire," replied the cardinal.

"But I see it," Napoleon answered, and the interview was at an end.

On May 16, 1812, Napoleon met the Emperor of Austria and the Kings of Prussia, Naples, and other inferior countries, at Dresden, and here, amid extravagant pomp, he laid down the policy which they were to adopt in case war should break out. On June 22, negotiations between Napoleon and Alexander were brought to a close in an address by the former

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to the army in which he declared that they should now put an end forever to that haughty influence which Russia had exercised for fifty years over the affairs of Europe. Alexander followed with an address to his troops in which he said: "Soldiers, you fight for your religion, your liberty, and your native land. Your emperor is among you; and God is the enemy of the aggressor."

The right wing of Napoleon's army consisted of 30,000 Austrians commanded by Schwartzenberg; the left wing of 30,000 by Macdonald. Between these was a great army of 250,000 under the command of Napoleon himself, with such lieutenants as Davoust, Ney, Junot, and Victor. The cavalry was under command of Murat, King of Naples. Augereau was to remain in the rear and protect communications with France. This magnificent army occupied a base of operations fully 300 miles in extent.

The greater part of the French army, before taking its position, had been reviewed at Friedland. The Russians had 260,000 men in the field with their centre at Wilna under the command of Barclay de Tolly. The plan of Alexander was to draw Napoleon on, retreating slowly toward Moscow, and thus subject-

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ing the multitudinous army of the enemy to the infinite difficulties of a campaign far from its base of supplies and in a strange country where the rigors of winter might accomplish that which arms could not. On June 24, 1812, Napoleon crossed the Niemen, near Kowno, and the die was cast. Alexander moved back slowly as Napoleon advanced. The French reached Wilna on June 28 and found it deserted and everything that could be of use to such a vast host destroyed; but with the foresight for which he was always distinguished, Napoleon had brought along great quantities of provisions so that his soldiers were, for the time being, at least, independent of the country around them.

The moving of such an unwieldy force of men, baggage, and provisions soon proved to be a matter of immense difficulty, and at the very beginning, while yet the French were at Wilna, the question of putting off the invasion for another year or pursuing it amidst the most trying conditions presented itself. At this time Alexander effected treaties with England, Spain, Sweden, and Turkey, with which last named country he had been at war, and from every quarter the Russians found reinforcements and supplies of money.

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and provisions. The enthusiasm of the Russians was tremendous. A million Russians offered themselves to their emperor. Moscow alone offered to raise and equip 80,000 men; a grand duchess of Russia (whom Napoleon desired to marry) raised a regiment on her own estate; a Cossack chief promised his only daughter and 200,000 rubles to the man who should kill Napoleon.

After remaining three weeks at Wilna the French advanced with St. Petersburg as their objective point, but on meeting with effective resistance they turned toward Moscow. Engagement after engagement followed with temporary advantages to the French, the Russians retreating, burning their fields and their villages as they went, and leaving nothing to the pursuing hosts but smoking ashes. On the demand of his troops for a general engagement the Russian commander-in-chief took up a position between Borodino and Moscow, and on September 7 the two armies stood face to face, each having ready for battle about 100,000 men, with 500 guns. Napoleon addressed his troops in his characteristic fashion, calling upon them to behave themselves so that posterity might say of each of them, "He was in that great battle beneath the walls of Mos-

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cow." The battle was a succession of charges and slaughters. It was butchery on both sides of the most horrible description. The result of that awful day was the loss on each side of nearly 50,000 men. "Death," says one historian, "was the only victor." The Russians withdrew and Napoleon pressed on.

On September 14 the cry of "Moscow!" "Moscow!" arose from the ranks and Napoleon looked down from "the Hill of Salvation" on the splendid city. Murat, with his cavalry, had pushed on to the very gates, where he had received word from the Russian general that unless two hours were granted for the safe withdrawal of the Russian troops he would set fire to the city. The two hours having expired, the French entered and found the streets and buildings deserted save for the rabble. On the following midnight flames broke out, but were soon extinguished. The next night the sky was again lurid with flames bursting from every quarter. During four days the conflagration raged till but one-fifth of the ancient city remained. By the light of the flames Napoleon dictated a letter to Alexander proposing peace, but an answer never came. Instead, rumors reached him that all Russia was gathering about him. What should he do?

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To remain shut up in Moscow during the approaching winter was to run the risk of his allies in middle and western Europe, disregarding their pledges and throwing off their allegiance. To attempt to return at this late hour, with winter fast closing in, was to subject his heroic army to incomparable dangers. News had reached him that two divisions of his army that were advancing into Russia by other routes had suffered defeat and that his army in Spain had lost the great battle of Salamanca. Following this, Murat was defeated in an encounter under the very walls of Moscow. Napoleon, then, quitting the ancient capital, with his whole army went to the support of Murat. No sooner had they left the city than the Russians again took possession and sent forth bodies of troops to harass the French rear.

From this time calamity followed calamity. A Russian winter was on and there was lack of food. The Cossacks hung about them day and night, advancing and retreating, burning bridges and towns before them and killing the stragglers. The annals of war fail to show a more fearful chapter than that which narrates the retreat from Moscow. We can not attempt to describe it. There was no effective discipline; except in case of scattering bands

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and small detachments the men pursued their own way. Thousands sank by the wayside starved and frozen. It was a chain of corpses for a thousand miles. Men killed their horses, wrapped themselves in the reeking skins of these animals and drank their warm blood. The army which, when it left Moscow, mustered 300,000 men, was soon reduced to a paltry 40,000 who could be brought together. These Napoleon divided into four columns that were to follow one another at intervals of a day, Napoleon himself having command of the first division. When the two leading divisions met at Krasnoi, not much over three hundred miles in a straight line west of Moscow, they mustered a total of scarcely 15,000. Here Napoleon is reputed to have drawn his sword and declared, "I have long enough played the emperor — I must be the general once more."

In the meantime the rear divisions were meeting with continued misfortune, and Napoleon, hearing of it, despaired of ever seeing them again, but on November 20 his despair was changed into joy by their coming up with him at Orca, where Napoleon hailed Marshal Ney as the bravest of the brave, and declared that he would have given all his treasure to be



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assured of his safety. Napoleon was now at the head of the whole army, which consisted of only 12,000 men, including 150 cavalry. Five hundred officers still had possession of their horses and these formed themselves into a body-guard to the emperor.

In the forests along the River Beresina the little army came suddenly upon 50,000 of their countrymen, who under Victor and Oudinot had entered Russia by another route. At Mololodeczno Napoleon heard news from Paris that caused him to quit the army and push on ahead; so giving the chief command to Murat, he, with five companions, set off on the long journey to Paris. On December 10 he reached Warsaw. Here, on being congratulated on his escape from dangers, he cried, "Dangers, there were none — I have beat the Russians in every battle — I live but in dangers — it is for kings of Cockaigne to sit at home at ease. My army is in a superb condition still — it will be recruited at leisure at Wilna, and I go to bring up 300,000 men more from France. I quit my army with regret, but I must watch Austria and Prussia, and I have more weight on my throne than at headquarters. The Russians will be rendered foolhardy by their successes. I shall beat them in a battle or two on

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the Oder and be on the Niemen again within a month."

On December 14, Napoleon and his few companions reached Dresden, and on the 18th, Paris. The retreating French, by the addition of scattering bands, numbered 40,000 when they reached Wilna. Murat had left them and Eugene Beauharnais was in command. On arriving at Wilna the broken columns found rest and enough to eat. Strong men wept with joy at the sight of a loaf of bread. But even here they were attacked by the terrible Cossacks and driven on toward the Niemen. Crossing at Kowno they were on Prussian soil, where the Russians ceased their pursuit. The grand army of nearly one-half a million men that in August assembled on the confines of Russia was now reduced to scarcely 1,000 in arms, and not over 20,000 more, broken and disabled. It is pleasing to learn that the Prussian people received these poor, travel-stained, starved veterans with compassion and allowed them to remain unmolested for a time near Konigsberg.

Thus briefly told is the story of Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia. The hitherto invincible conqueror had lost in it 125,000 men slain in battle, 130,000 by fatigue, hunger, and

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cold, 200,000 taken prisoners, including forty-eight generals and 3,000 regimental officers — a total loss of 450,000 men. One thousand pieces of cannon and seventy-five proud eagles and standards of France remained in the enemy's hands.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN

WITHIN a few weeks after Napoleon's return to Paris from his disastrous campaign in Russia, he found himself ready for the field again with 350,000 men. Nothing more clearly indicates the heroic national spirit of France and the power of the name of Napoleon than does this seemingly incredible statement, particularly when it is remembered that there was scarcely a family in all France that had not lost a member in the Russian campaign. The rigorous winter of Russia had effected what armies could not do — it had defeated Napoleon, but more than this, it had given birth to the hope among the enemies of the emperor that his star was at last in the descendant and that a suitable time had come for a final and successful effort to overthrow him.

The people of Prussia burned with the desire

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to revenge themselves upon the victor of Jena, and on the 31st of January, 1813, Frederick William called the nation to arms, with the result that the people rose as one man. Women contributed their jewelry and plate to be melted into money, while England poured in her gold. The Emperor of Russia hastened to support the Prussians, and on the 15th of March Alexander and Frederick William met at Breslau, where Alexander, noting the tears that rushed down the cheeks of the Prussian Emperor, cried, "Wipe them; they are the last that Napoleon shall ever cause you to shed."

The command of the Prussian troops was given to Blucher, a dissipated old man but a catapult in battle, who hated the names of France and Napoleon with his whole soul, and when now again permitted to draw his sword, after a period of retirement, swore never to sheathe it again until the revenge of Prussia was complete.

Lord Wellington, with a great and victorious army, was steadily pushing the French out of Spain, so that Napoleon found himself, in the spring of 1813, between three great armies led by the ablest captains that ever drew sword against him. Quitting Paris, he

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reached, on April 18, the banks of the Saale, where he was joined by Eugene Beauharnais and the garrison that had been left at Magdeburg. Here 200,000 men were ready for action, with 200,000 more left as a reserve on the Rhine. Frederick and Alexander, with an immense army almost equal to that of Napoleon, were at Dresden. Nearly half of the Russian forces yet remained east of the Vistula. Frederick William desired to push on to Leipsic, and Napoleon, seeking to intercept the plan and strike a blow before the Russian army could concentrate its two great divisions, pushed east and, on the 1st of May, met the enemy at Lutzen. Here a battle was fought which resulted in a retreat of the allies to Dresden and finally across the Elbe to Bautzen.

Marshal Ney now turned with a portion of the French army toward Berlin, hoping to draw the allied armies away from Bautzen to the defense of the Prussian capital. The attempt was a failure, however, as Frederick William's purpose was to draw Napoleon into the mountains. Napoleon at once moved on Bautzen, reaching there May 21, and found the enemy on the farther bank of the river Spree, surrounded by fortified heights. Cross-

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ing the river in the face of the enemy, the French took up their quarters in the town. The next day a fearful battle ensued, resulting in the withdrawal of the French and the advance of Napoleon to Breslau. The Emperor of Austria now offered to mediate between the contending forces, and an armistice was agreed upon to begin the first of June, Napoleon returning to Dresden.

Napoleon was now urged on all sides to make a treaty of peace that would end the war and leave him in undisputed possession of France. The arguments used were many and powerful. There was an unsettled feeling at home. Austria gave every appearance of preparing for war; should she join the allies there could be little doubt of the outcome. Wellington was universally successful in Spain, having driven the French into the Pyrenees.

Nearly all of Napoleon's advisers in the field and at home urged him to accede to reasonable terms proposed by Austria, saying that should he withdraw into France he could strengthen his army, and behind the river Rhine and the Pyrenees bid defiance to the world. Instead of taking this advice, he declared, "Ten lost battles would not sink me lower than you would

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have me place myself by my own voluntary act," and announced to his advisers that he did not wish for any plans of theirs, but did wish their service in the execution of his. On August 10, the armistice ended with nothing accomplished by the peace negotiators, and Austria allied herself at once with Russia and Prussia.

Napoleon now had 250,000 men, 100,000 of whom were at Buntzlaw, 50,000 at Zittau, 20,000 at Pirna, 60,000 at Leipsic, and 25,000 at his side at Dresden. One hundred and twenty thousand Austrians and 80,000 Russians and Prussians, under command of the Austrian General Schwartzenberg, had their headquarters at Prague. Eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, commanded by Blucher, lay before Breslau. The Crown Prince of Sweden was at Berlin with an army of 90,000. The commanders of the three allied armies agreed that wherever the French should attack, the part of the army attacked should withdraw, the idea being to tempt Napoleon to leave Dresden, where was located the French magazines, at the mercy of some other division of the army, and permit the throwing of a large body of the allied troops between the French and the Rhine. Blucher,

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with his division at Breslau, began the movement by attacking the French at Buntzlaw. Napoleon quitted Dresden and hastened with the Imperial Guard to the relief. Blucher, in accordance with the general plan, retreated, Napoleon pursuing. At once the division of the enemy at Prague made a rush for Dresden, driving before them the French at Pirna.

The attack on Dresden was made on August 26, before Napoleon could return to assist in its defense, but during the day the Imperial Guard made their appearance, crossing the bridge over the Elbe and bearing with them Napoleon, who, as Hoffman, a German writer, says, "carried the eye of a tyrant and the voice of a lion as he urged on his breathless and eager soldiers." An attack was made at once, but night came on and the two armies remained in the presence of each other till the following morning, when the battle was renewed in a storm of wind and rain. In but a few hours 200,000 men gathered about the French emperor and flung themselves upon the allied troops, causing them to retreat with a loss of 15,000 to 20,000 prisoners and twenty-six cannon, and the ablest of their leaders. Among those of the enemy who were slain was Moreau,

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who had at one time fought under Napoleon. Shot in both legs, he continued to smoke a cigar while they were amputated, and died shortly after.

Napoleon himself now retired to Dresden while his soldiers continued the pursuit of the enemy, but they went too far, for on the morning of August 30 they found themselves surrounded by Prussian troops that appeared suddenly in the rear, and after a disastrous battle surrendered to the number of 8,000 men, with all their arms and many eagles, the remainder of the army scattering among the hills. When news of this loss reached Napoleon at Dresden, it found him sick and weary, for not only had this misfortune befallen him but others.

As soon as he had retired from the pursuit of Blucher, that general turned and swept back over the field, winning a complete victory on the 26th of August, causing a loss to the French of 15,000 men and one hundred guns. Other divisions of the French army had also suffered defeat, notably in an action at Dennewitz on September 7, in which the French lost 10,000 prisoners and forty-six guns. At length the two divisions of the allied armies, namely, the one comprising 90,000 men about

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Berlin and the other under Blucher, joined on the west bank of the Elbe, and it became manifest that Dresden must be given up by the French and Leipsic taken as the base of operations. Here the emperor could number 136,000 men, while the allies mustered not less than 230,000. Scarcely had Napoleon reached Leipsic on the 15th of October than the enemy appeared under the command of their General-in-Chief Schwartzenberg, who had with him the Emperors Alexander and Frederick William. A battle began on October 16, lasting till nightfall, with slight advantage to the allied armies.

It was now evident to Napoleon that he must retreat from Leipsic, but before doing so he made an effort to obtain peace, through the Emperor of Austria, promising to give up Poland, Holland, Spain, Italy, and all Germany under certain conditions, but the offer was too late. Austria, Germany, Prussia, and Russia had sworn to make no treaty so long as a French soldier remained on the eastern side of the Rhine. Napoleon, receiving no answer to his proposal, began the retreat with his 100,000 men. They set out at midnight of October 18, over two bridges, one of which was a temporary

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structure and broke down before daylight. Napoleon had ordered that the remaining bridge be blown up if the advances of the enemy should make it necessary, and the officer to whom the duty had been entrusted, determining that the time had come, set fire to his train and blew up the bridge, cutting off the escape of 25,000 Frenchmen who laid down their arms within the city. Napoleon lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners at Leipsic over 50,000 men.

The retreat to France was a bitter and sorrowful one. A halt was made at Erfurt, but Napoleon, learning that his enemies were attempting to place themselves between the Rhine and his flying columns, pushed on. On the morning of October 30, the French met a body of Austro-Bavarians at Hanau, where, with a loss of 6,000 of his men, Napoleon killed or wounded 10,000 of the enemy and took 4,000 prisoners. The number of prisoners would have been greater had it not been for a patriotic miller who suddenly let the water into his millstream and separated the French cavalry from some German infantry whom they were driving before them. At length the remnants of the French army crossed the Rhine, and the emperor, leaving them, reached Paris in person

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on November 9. When the Austrians and Prussians reached the Rhine in their pursuit, so great was their affection for the stream that they knelt upon its banks and shouted, "The Rhine! The Rhine!"

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANCE INVADED — NAPOLEON OVERTHROWN AND DEPOSED

THE name of Napoleon had now ceased to be a terror, and even in France there were those who dared breathe a suspicion that its glory was about to set. Now misfortune followed misfortune with startling rapidity. The chapter of Napoleon's fall is shorter than that of his rise. By the campaign just concluded he had lost Germany, Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse. The Federation of the Rhine was dissolved. Denmark allied herself with his enemies. The Prince of Orange returning from England became again ruler of Holland. The Austrians had sent an army into Italy and defeated Eugene Beauharnais. All Italy was rising against him. Not a single French soldier remained in Spain to withstand the powerful army of Wellington.

His four most powerful enemies, England,

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Russia, Prussia, and Austria, were massing themselves on his eastern borders preparing to invade the sacred territory of France.

Not only this, but the royalists of France were again becoming active and mustering about their leaders. The radical republicans, too, who had witnessed with dismay Napoleon's usurpation of power, looked upon his misfortunes with delight. His ablest leaders and counsellors, whom he had repeatedly insulted, now, when it appeared that his influence was about to depart, prepared to take a hand in his overthrow. "Ere I crossed the Rhine," said Napoleon at St. Helena afterwards, "I felt the reins slipping from my hands."

The allied powers now issued a proclamation declaring that it was for the interest of Europe that France should continue to be a powerful state and expressing their willingness to concede to her greater territory than her kings had ever claimed — the boundaries, namely, of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. But the indomitable spirit of Napoleon was not yet crushed. He issued ringing calls for more men, set the arsenals at work making guns, doubled the taxes, and put into every branch of the national service that prodigious energy which he more than any man that has ever

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lived possessed. The Legislative Assembly refusing to do his bidding, he dissolved it. When his friends ventured to suggest that an honorable peace could be made that would leave him with a greater territory than that of which even Louis XIV. had boasted, he cried, "Shame on you! Wellington has entered the south. The Russians menace the northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians the eastern. Shame! Wellington is in France and we have not risen *en masse* to drive him back. All my allies have deserted — the Bavarian has betrayed me. No peace till we have burned Munich. I demand a levy of 300,000 men — with this and what I already have I shall see a million in arms. I will form a camp of 100,000 at Bordeaux; another at Metz; a third at Lyons. But I must have grown men — these boys serve only to encumber the hospitals and the roadsides. Abandon Holland! Sooner yield it back to the sea! Senators, an impulse must be given — All must march — You are fathers of families — the heads of the nation — you must set the example. Peace! I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war."

He issued peremptory orders everywhere. He executed whole bands of soldiers guilty of

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endeavoring to escape. Musicians paraded the streets singing ballads in honor of the emperor. Talleyrand said, "It is the beginning of the end."

Napoleon dismissed the venerable Pope of Rome, who had been his prisoner at Fontainebleau, hoping that this might produce a good effect in Italy, but already Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat, had withdrawn from his alliance with the emperor and thrown in his fortunes with Austria. He also released Ferdinand of Spain, urging upon him to return to his kingdom and, expelling the English, to re-establish his relations with France, whereupon Ferdinand re-entered Spain to the great joy of his subjects.

On December 20, Schwartzenberg, at the head of a great army, crossed the Rhine between Basle and Schaffhausen into Switzerland, which was then neutral territory, and advancing through that territory unopposed soon showed himself before the gates of Dijon. On January 1, 1814, the army under Blucher crossed the river between Rastadt and Coblenz. A little later the army of the North, under Witzengerode and Bulow, crossed the frontier of the Netherlands. Wellington had already crossed the Pyrenees. Thus, 300,000 men,

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making up four mighty armies, had invaded the soil of France. The news carried terror into every fireside. Nearer and nearer the hosts swept on to Paris, conquering everything before them. On January 23, Napoleon summoned the officers of the National Guard to his palace. Nine hundred of them appeared before him. With him as he stood in this notable presence were the empress and the little King of Rome, the latter being carried in the arms of Countess Montesquiou. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, "France is invaded. I go to put myself at the head of my troops, and with God's help and their valor I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier; but if they should approach the capital, I confide to the National Guard the empress and the King of Rome — my wife and my child."

On January 24, Napoleon reviewed the troops in the court-yard at the Tuilleries, and on the next morning left his capital, appointing the empress as regent and placing his brother Joseph at the head of her Council. At midnight he arrived at Chalons and immediately resolved to attack Blucher, who was then in the neighborhood. Blucher stationed himself at Brienne — the town where Napoleon received his military education. Napoleon ap-

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peared at Brienne with 70,000 men on the 29th. In the fight that followed Brienne was burnt to the ground and Blucher retired a little farther up the Aube. Napoleon said afterward at St. Helena that during the charge at Brienne he recognized a tree under which, when a boy, he used to sit and read the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso.

On February 1, Blucher attacked the French and defeated them, taking 4,000 prisoners and seventy-three guns. Napoleon then struck across the country to Troyes. There he learned that Blucher was advancing toward Paris. It was now winter and the roads were in fearful condition, but Napoleon set off with the main body of his army to cut off the enemy's advance. A part of Blucher's force was met and beaten, and Blucher, advancing rapidly with the main body of his troops, found himself suddenly in the presence of vastly superior numbers. All day he sustained the charges of the French, and at last was forced to retreat. In five days Napoleon had been three times successful, and the hearts of the soldiers were encouraged to believe that fortune would favor them in the end. A column of 4,000 Prussian prisoners, with a large number of guns and standards, was sent into Paris, and the people again

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cried, "Vive Napoleon!" Another division of the allied armies, however, had reached as near the capital as Fontainebleau. Napoleon instantly committed to others the care of watching Blucher and marched with the main body on Meaux, where, on the fifteenth of February, 20,000 men joined him, commanded by Grouchy.

Napoleon now sent a letter to the Emperor of Austria once more endeavoring to win him away from the enemies of France. Francis replied that on no account could he abandon the alliance, but urged Napoleon to make concessions ere it was too late and save himself and his house from ruin. Again he was urged on all sides that, while he was fortunate in holding in check one of the allied armies, others were successful and approaching the capital by rapid marches. His answer was that he had sworn at his coronation to preserve the territory of the republic entire and that he could not sign the treaties proposed without violating his oath.

It is impossible for us in our limited space to follow the rapid movements of Napoleon in his desperate efforts to extricate himself from his difficulties. In these days the genius of the man shone with startling brilliancy. The fact that he was obstinate and perfidious cannot

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weaken the admiration that we must have for his undaunted courage and his marvellous resolution and powers of invention. On the 26th of March, 1814, the roaring of the enemy's cannon could be heard by the inhabitants of Paris. On the 27th Joseph Bonaparte held a review, and that same evening the allied armies passed the Marne. At three on the morning of the 28th they took Meaux, and the roads into Paris were filled with the terrified population fleeing to the capital, "with," says one, "their aged, infirm, children, cats, dogs, live stock, corn, hay, and household goods of every description."

On March 29, the empress, with her son and many members of the Council of State, with seven hundred soldiers and fifteen wagons laden with plate and coin from the palace, set off for Blois. Joseph Bonaparte issued a proclamation calling on the citizens to defend the city and encouraging them to believe that Napoleon, who was following on the rear of the enemy, would meet and overpower them under the walls of the capital. On March 30 the allies fought and won the final battle, and Alexander and Frederick immediately declared that they would spare the city provided the regular troops would evacuate it. Shortly after four

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in the afternoon the cannon were turned on the city itself and shot and shell began to spread destruction within its walls. At five o'clock the city capitulated, Joseph Bonaparte himself having set off at one o'clock on a good horse for Blois.

Napoleon reached Troyes on the night of the 29th. On the 30th his friends endeavored to convince him that the fate of Paris was no longer a question and advised him to cease the pursuit and form a junction with another division of the army. He, however, continued to advance, refusing all counsel. In a post-chaise he drove on before his army at full speed with hardly an attendant. At one point he mounted on horseback and galloped without a pause into Fontainebleau late in the night. There he ordered a carriage, and taking two officers with him drove on towards Paris. But a few miles from the city he learned from a body of French cavalry that Paris had been given up. Even then he refused to halt. Jumping from his carriage he asked question after question, calling for this general and that, asking where were the enemy, where his wife and his boy. Again he entered his carriage and ordered it driven with all speed to Paris. "Come," said he, "we must to Paris — Nothing goes right

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when I am away. They do nothing but blunder. They should have held out longer. . . . This comes of employing fools and cowards."

It was urged upon him that to go to Paris was to rush on to death or captivity, and it was not until within a mile of the city that he was induced to abandon his design. Then, with perfect composure, he turned and drove back to Fontainebleau. At noon of March 31 the first of the allied troops began to enter the city. They made a splendid showing, 50,000 troops, and in their midst the Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia, with a great crowd of princes, ambassadors and generals, filled the crowd with wonder and delight, and shouts arose on all sides, "Vive l'empereur Alexander! — Vive le roi de Prusse!" while here and there arose the cry, "Vive Louis XVIII!"

Alexander and Frederick William were urged to re-establish the House of Bourbon, but they hesitated. Alexander signed a proclamation asserting that the allies would treat no more with Napoleon Bonaparte or any of his family. The Municipal Council met and proclaimed that the throne was empty. On April 1 the Conservative Senate assembled and proclaimed a provisional government with Talleyrand as its head. Napoleon was deposed, the

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vote in favor thereof being unanimous. The allied princes appointed military governors of Paris, and the populace busied itself in pulling down statues and pictures and effacing the arms and initials of Napoleon wherever they appeared. On April 4 Napoleon reviewed his troops at Fontainebleau and announced his intention of instantly marching to Paris. Fifty thousand men were all that he could marshal about him. After the review his generals followed him to his palace and there informed him that they would not accompany him in an attack on Paris if he refused to negotiate on the basis of his abdication of the throne, whereupon he drew up and signed the following and sent it to Paris, with instructions to those who bore it that they should obtain the best terms they could for France — for himself nothing. The note read as follows:

“ The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the

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person of the empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the Empire. Done at our palace of Fontainebleau April 4, 1814.

“NAPOLEON.”

The generals who bore this note to Paris were received by Alexander in person. The emperor expressed his surprise that it should contain no stipulations for Napoleon personally. Said he, “But I have been his friend, and I will willingly be his advocate. I propose that he retain his imperial title with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island.”

The final terms agreed upon in favor of Napoleon and his house were these. First, the imperial title to be preserved by Napoleon, with the free sovereignty of Elba, guards, and a navy suitable to the extent of that island, and a pension from France of 6,000,000 of francs annually. Second, the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla to be granted in sovereignty to Maria Louisa and her heirs; and third, two millions and a half of francs annually to be paid by the French government in pensions to Josephine and the other members of the Bonaparte family.

One by one his generals had deserted him, and on the 11th of April, abandoning all hope

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of again leading an army, he executed the instrument which formally renounced for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and of Italy. On April 20, he called his officers about him and told them that they had come to receive his last adieux. In his interview with them he bade them attach themselves to the new government and serve it as faithfully as they had served him. He asked that so much of his Imperial Guard as still remained might be drawn up in the courtyard of the Castle. He rode up to them on horseback and, tears dropping from his eyes, he dismounted in their midst. To these he said, "Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate. I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died — nothing was easier — but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Bring hither the eagle. Beloved eagle! May the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children — farewell, my brave companions — surround me once more — farewell!"

Josephine had fled from Paris on the approach of the allied armies, but on being sent

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word by Alexander that she would be protected she returned to Malmaison. Here the Czar visited her frequently, endeavoring to soothe her affliction, but even before the allied armies had left France she sickened and died. Maria Louisa and her son took up their journey to Vienna under the personal protection of the Emperor of Austria.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELBA — THE ONE HUNDRED DAYS — WATERLOO
— ST. HELENA — THE END

THE little island of Elba, the sovereignty of which the conquerors of Napoleon had decreed to him with a show of generosity, lay off the west coast of Italy two hundred miles from the coast of France, and boasted of a circumference of not over sixty miles and a population of about thirteen thousand. It was on May 4th, 1814, that Napoleon set foot within this little kingdom. What a fall was there from the conqueror of Europe to the master of a little rocky island, not more than a prison at its best!

By permission of the allied powers the exiled emperor took with him eight hundred and fifty of the Imperial Guard, all picked men and all volunteers. With him also went Bertrand, Grand Master of the Palace, and some other intimate friends and servants, and later his mother, then seventy years old, and his sister Pauline joined him.

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One reads with pathetic interest that while Napoleon was thus drinking the dregs of the cup of defeat, and turning his back upon his beloved France to suffer an ignominious exile, Josephine was dying at Malmaison with a prayer for him on her lips, and Maria Louisa and her son were enjoying the splendors of the court of the Austrian emperor. By the terms of the agreement between the powers, Maria Louisa and her son were to be sent to Elba to join Napoleon, but through the intrigues of Maria Louisa's father, the Emperor of Austria, she was detained at Vienna, and finally permitted herself to engage in a folly that lost for her the reputation of a wife and mother. Constant, the son, grew up a dissipated youth and died at the age of twenty-one of consumption.

Nor was this the only particular in which the conquerors of Napoleon showed lack of faith and disregarded their oaths. Napoleon was to receive a pension of \$400,000 a year from the French Government, but not a dollar of it was paid.

No sooner had Napoleon reached Elba than he set about with his accustomed energy to improve the condition of the people of his little kingdom, projecting great public improve-

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ments, examining every nook and corner of the rocky coast, studying the resources and capabilities of the soil and encouraging the people to work and to improve their condition. All this took money, and when the promised pension failed, he lost courage and patience. We may readily believe that this failure of the allies to do what they had agreed was what finally led Napoleon to formulate plans for a return to France and an effort to regain what he had lost.

The enemies of Napoleon, not being satisfied with robbing him of his wife and child and his pension, within a few months were found plotting to remove him from the island of Elba, which they suddenly decided was too near at hand, to the rock-bound prison of St. Helena, and hired assassins were sent to Elba and barely thwarted in their efforts to take his life.

Leaving Napoleon for the moment, surrounded by his seven hundred troops of the "Old Guard," in the company of his mother and his sister Pauline, trying as best he could with the little money at his command to keep up a show of dignity, and finding employment in the affairs of his little kingdom, let us turn again to France. Let us remember that it was Louis XVI. whose head had fallen from the

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block at the beginning of the Revolution. Louis XVII., as he is called, died as a mere boy. On the overthrow of Napoleon the Powers decreed that the brother of Louis XVI., who was then sixty years of age and living in England, should be King of France under the title of Louis XVIII.

It was on May 3d, 1814, the day that Napoleon saw for the first time from the deck of the British vessel, the "Undaunted," his little island kingdom, that Louis XVIII. made his triumphal entry into Paris. But a few months passed ere the French, many of whom scarcely remembered the days of the Bourbon kings, got a taste of Bourbon rule. True, Louis XVIII., before taking the crown, had promised in writing certain reforms; but scarcely was the ink dry upon the writing than he set about breaking his promises. Coming to the throne with the idea of the divine right of kings, and wishing to overthrow every semblance of authority that the people had gained, and to bring back the days of the old monarchy when the people had no right which the nobles were bound to respect, France soon awakened to a realization that something had gone out of its national life.

A congress of nations had been called to

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assemble at Vienna to settle matters of dispute that had arisen out of the Napoleonic wars. While this congress was in session Napoleon, learning of the plot to remove him from Elba to St. Helena, determined that the time was ripe for him to return to France, rally about him his supporters, and seek to recover that which he had lost. It was a bold design, with less than a thousand men at his command and the armies of all Europe against him, but for months he had been secretly plotting with his friends throughout France and he knew that the army was with him. He had given four hundred of his soldiers furloughs and, sending them to France, saw to it that they scattered themselves among the soldiery and revived the hope in the hearts of the heroes of Napoleon's battles that their old commander would soon return.

On the evening of February 25th, 1815, Pauline gave a ball to which all the officers of the Elbese army were invited. A brig and six small boats had been made ready and at midnight of that night the soldiers were mustered by beat of drum and found themselves on board ship ere they could ask for what purpose. When, far out at sea, they learned that they were bound for France, their joy was uncon-

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strained, cries of "Vive l'empereur" arising on all sides. On March 2d, after a perilous voyage during which the brig barely escaped capture, Napoleon and his men stood on the sacred soil of France. So quietly had the expedition been planned and so stealthily had it proceeded that not a soul believed it possible that Napoleon was present when a handful of men started on the road to Paris crying his name. Early the morning of their arrival the little force passed through the town of Grasse, where the whole population was crowded out upon the road to receive him with every show of joy and affection. Two days later they reached Gap amid popular acclamations. Here he issued a proclamation with these ringing words:

"Soldiers, we have not been beaten. In my exile I have heard your voice. I have arrived once more among you, past all obstacles and all perils. . . . Take again the eagles which you furred at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. Come and range yourselves under the banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at the charging steps. The eagle with the national colors shall fly from steeple to steeple — on to the towers of Notre Dame. In your old age, surrounded and honored by your fellow citizens, you shall be heard with respect

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when you recount your high deeds. You then shall say with pride: 'I also was one of that great army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, which took Rome and Berlin and Madrid and Moscow — and which delivered Paris from the stain printed on it by domestic treason and the occupation of strangers.' ”

At one point Napoleon came upon a battalion sent to arrest his advance. Dismounting from his horse and followed by a hundred of his guard with their arms reversed, he strode forward to within a hundred paces of the enemy. Throwing open his surtout and exhibiting the star of the Legion of Honor he cried:

“If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general — his emperor — let him do it now. Here I am.”

The miraculous influence of that voice and that presence drove every soldier in the opposing ranks into the arms of his old commander, and together they marched on toward Paris. Near Grenoble they came upon the Seventh Regiment of the line, and this, though commanded by an officer of noble family promoted by Louis XVIII., broke ranks, and shouting, “Long live Napoleon,” joined themselves to the advancing columns, their commander himself placing upon his cap the tricolor cockade.

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Grenoble, itself, threw open its gates and Napoleon found himself dragged from his horse and borne aloft on men's shoulders to the centre of the town. Now with 7,000 soldiers he advanced on Lyons, a city of 200,000 inhabitants, but here, as elsewhere, opposition vanished at his approach. Lyons was the second city of France and he entered it in triumph.

An edict was sent out from Paris proclaiming Napoleon an outlaw and offering rewards for his capture. Then it began to dawn upon Louis XVIII. that the army and the people were with the "outlaw" and that nothing could prevent his taking possession of Paris itself. Indeed, at Lyons, Napoleon was issuing decrees and proclamations as of old, as the Emperor of the French. Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," volunteered his services and that of his troops to Napoleon, and on March 17th their forces were joined at Auxerre. On March 19th Napoleon slept once more at the château of Fontainebleau. On the 20th, in a carriage, Napoleon advanced toward Paris, right into the face of a large force prepared to defend the capital under Marshal MacDonald. No sooner was the person of Napoleon recognized by MacDonald's troops than they burst from their ranks and sur-

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rounded their old emperor with cries of congratulation and affection, MacDonald himself fleeing to Paris. Already Louis XVIII. had heard the news and was fleeing to the frontiers of the Netherlands. On the evening of March 20th, barely twenty days since landing at Cannes, Napoleon entered Paris and was carried on the shoulders of his men up the great staircase of the palace of the Tuileries. Never, it is said, was such a scene witnessed in history.

The startling news that Napoleon was in Paris and that the king had fled broke like a bombshell on the congress at Vienna. At once on recovering from its surprise it issued a proclamation declaring that Napoleon Bonaparte had placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world he had rendered himself liable to public vengeance. Then Europe prepared once more for war.

A treaty was entered into by which England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia bound themselves to each maintain 150,000 troops in arms until Napoleon should be either dethroned or reduced so low as no longer to endanger the peace of Europe. But so eager were his enemies, that before sixty days had passed Napoleon found

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himself confronted by a combined army of over a million men, commanded by the Duke of Wellington.

After fortifying Paris Napoleon left that city on the 11th of June to measure himself against Wellington. At Beaumont in Belgium, just over the frontier from France, on the 14th he reviewed his army of 135,000 men. On the 16th of June he announced two victories, those of Quatre-Bras and Ligny, won on the way to the Belgian capital. In the former the English and the French each lost about 5,000 men, and in the latter the Prussians lost 20,000 and the French 15,000. In the former Wellington commanded the allied forces, and in the latter Blucher.

The allied forces now retired and took position near the village of Waterloo. The position of the Duke of Wellington was about a mile and a half in advance of the town, on a rising ground having a gentle slope before it, and still farther on, a plain of about a mile in breadth. Beyond the plain were the heights of La Belle Alliance. The duke had with him 72,000 to 90,000 men. Blucher, with a like number of men, was but a few hours' march distant. Wellington formed his army into three lines, the first containing the best of his troops; the

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second such as had suffered in the battle at Quatre-Bras, and the third, the cavalry. The line was in convex form, dropping back toward a forest at either extremity in which in case of defeat it might find protection. Wellington had sent to Blucher asking that two divisions of Prussians be sent him, and Blucher had replied that he would march at once to his support. The roads were in horrible condition, the rain falling in torrents. Napoleon's purpose was to beat Wellington before Blucher could reach the scene. His army consisted of 70,000 men. Wellington's army had rested during the night; Napoleon's had been on the march. When Napoleon, from the heights of La Belle Alliance, saw the English army standing before him he cried:

“At last, then, I have these English in my grasp.”

At eleven o'clock Sunday morning, the 18th, the French opened with their cannon, and Jerome Bonaparte, with 6,000 men, charged upon Wellington's right, with the result that the English withstood the onset and finally forced back the assaulting columns. Another attempt was made by a body of French infantry and cavalry on the English centre, but without a result favorable to either side. Then another

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assault was made on the English right by the French cavalry. The English formed themselves in a double line of squares protected in front by a battery of thirty cannon. The French cavalry charged the artillerymen and drove them from their guns and then rode fiercely on the living squares, but they paid dearly for their bravery, for the greater part of the attacking column was destroyed.

By four o'clock the English had lost 10,000 and the French 15,000, five thousand men for every hour. It was then Napoleon saw that Blucher, at the head of his Prussian columns, had arrived, and it became evident that unless he could strike a decisive blow at once he must be overpowered. Forming his guard—the flower of his army, the best fighting men in the world—into two columns, and putting at their head Marshal Ney, he sent them against the English, who presented an unbroken front four deep, with the ends of the line moving forward. Into this concave line of living fire the brave heroes of Napoleon's army threw themselves with reckless abandon. Four battalions of the "Old Guard" had been left in the rear as a reserve about Napoleon. The Duke of Wellington placing himself at the head of his line

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gave the order to advance. Nothing could withstand the impetuous onset. Then Blucher, with his Prussians, struck the flank of the struggling guards and sent them flying in every direction. Napoleon's last battle had been fought and his star had gone down. Forty thousand lay dead on the field of Waterloo.

Napoleon watched the course of events through his spy-glass, and noting that his "Old Guard" had given way, shouted, "All is lost for the present!" and hurried off the field, riding toward Charleroi. Within twenty-four hours he was in Paris, alone, and on the morning of June 22d the following proclamation appeared, addressed to the French people:

"Frenchmen! In commencing war for the upholding of national independence I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and all authorities. I had every reason to hope for success and I braved all the declarations of the allies against me. Circumstances appear to be changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed only at me! My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Na-

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oleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the council of government. Unite for the public safety if you would remain a nation. Done at the palace Elysee, June 22d, 1815.

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This terminates what is known as the second reign — “the one hundred days” of Napoleon. On the 24th of June the fallen emperor retired to Malmaison, where he found himself watched by his enemies. On July 3d he went to Rochefort with the intention of taking ship for America; but here he was informed that a British battleship was lying off the coast ready to intercept his passage.

He now placed himself under the protection of England, voluntarily going on board the English ship “Bellerophon,” and on the 23d of July gazed for the last time on the coast of France. On July 31st an English officer appeared on board the “Bellerophon” and announced the final resolution of the British Government, namely: First, that General Bonaparte should not be landed in England but removed forthwith to St. Helena, an island in the South Atlantic Ocean, as being the situation in which, more than

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any other at their command, the government thought to secure no possibility of escape, and the indulgence to himself of personal freedom and all exercises might be reconciled. Secondly, with the exception of Savary and L'Allemand, he might take with him any three officers he chose, as also his surgeon and twelve domestics.

Napoleon at once protested against being considered a prisoner of war, saying that he had come on board an English vessel as he would have entered an English village, voluntarily, and not as a prisoner. He objected to the title given him, General Bonaparte, saying that he was as much the Emperor of Elba as Louis was King of France, and that the climate and confinement at St. Helena would kill him, ending with a statement that he would not go. Finally, however, he received with equanimity the word from Admiral Sir George Cockburn that he was ready to receive him on board the "Northumberland" and convey him to St. Helena, and he embarked, taking with him Count and Countess Bertrand and their three children who had been with him at Elba, and four others, among them an Irish naval surgeon. In addition, twelve upper domestics of the imperial household followed their

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master, making twenty-four in all. The British Government took possession of some \$20,000 which he had with him, announcing that they would provide for his establishment. His plate, chiefly gold, and of much value, was left to him to do with as he pleased.

On the 15th of October, 1815, after a voyage of about seventy days, the "Northumberland" reached St. Helena. Landing, Napoleon took up his residence in a small cottage until a suitable abode could be prepared for him. In the course of two months a villa was made ready and the fallen emperor took possession of it December 10th.

In this villa he had for himself a suite of rooms consisting of salon, eating room, library, billiard room, small study, bedroom, and bathroom. He had a good library, superior servants, and some \$50,000 a year, with the understanding that if he required more it would be forthcoming. With an officer in attendance, he was permitted to go over any part of the island to the extent of twelve miles, and without an attendant he could go for a distance of four miles. All of his correspondence had to pass through the hands of the governor of the island. His person was required once in every

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twenty-four hours to be visible to some British officer.

Napoleon's life at St. Helena in ordinary times appears to have been as follows: He rose early and at once either took a horseback ride or dictated some part of the history of his life. He breakfasted about ten or eleven, read or dictated until between two and three, and then received visitors. He afterwards rode for several hours and then read or dictated until nearly eight, at which time dinner was served. A game of chess, a French tragedy read aloud, or conversation closed the evening. All through his life he had seemed to need little sleep, so that after he had retired he generally had some one read to him until far into the night.

Napoleon was very careful of his person; his dress at St. Helena was that of an emperor — a green uniform faced with red of the chasseurs of the Guard, with the star and cordon of the Legion of Honor.

From the spring of 1817 Napoleon's health gradually failed, and with the weakening of his health his mind weakened also. Fits of long silence and profound melancholy were now frequent. He was accustomed to say, "Now I am nothing — my strength and facul-

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ties forsake me — I no longer live; I only exist.”

During ten days in April, 1821, he occupied himself with drawing up his last will, in which he bequeathed his Orders and a specimen of every article in his wardrobe to his son. He gave directions that his body should be opened after death that information as to the cause of his death might be sent to his son. He described to the priests on the island the manner in which he wished his body to be laid out, saying: “I believe in God and am of the religion of my father. I was born a Catholic and will fulfil all the duties of that church and receive the assistance which she administers.”

On the 3d of May the last sacraments of the church were administered to him. On the 4th and 5th a tremendous storm swept over the island, and at half past five in the evening of the 6th he pronounced the words, “France, the Army, Josephine,” and passed away.

Napoleon’s age at the time of his death was fifty-two. The cause of his death was cancer of the stomach. It was his desire that his body should be buried on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom he had loved so well, but this was impossible, so a grave was prepared near the villa in which he had died,

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under weeping willows, where he had long had his favorite evening seat. Prepared for burial, the body was clothed in the uniform of the chasseurs of his Guard, and viewed by the whole population of the island. Each officer, pausing in turn before the body, pressed respectfully the cold hand of his dead commander. Over his feet was spread the military cloak which he wore at Marengo. A party of English Grenadiers bore the body to the tomb; the admiral's ship fired minute guns, while the priest read the service of the church. Upon the coffin when lowered into the grave was placed a great stone.

Nearly twenty years after the death of Napoleon (October 15, 1840) his sepulchre was opened, and the body of the illustrious dead carried to the French ship, "Bellepoule," by the son of Louis Philippe, and borne to the shores of France. On December 9th the vessel reached the mouth of the Seine, greeted by the loving acclaim of a whole nation. Napoleon had re-entered France in glory. On December 15th, amid unequalled pomp and ceremony, the body of the dead emperor was borne to the Invalides, where about it France gathered in veneration and love. On the coffin lay the chapeau the hero wore at Eylau, his sword and

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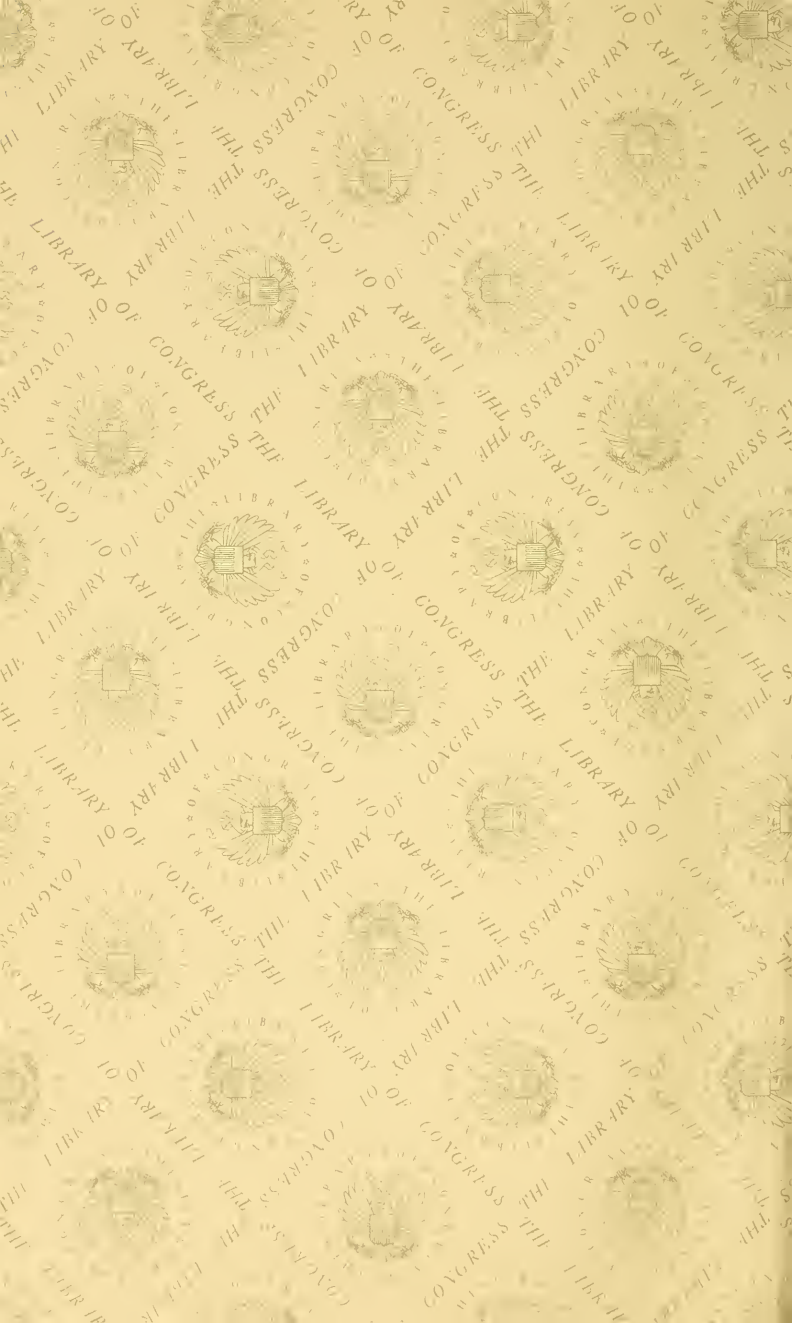
imperial crown; and over these waved the standards taken at Austerlitz. The resting-place of Napoleon was at last upon the banks of the Seine among the people he loved.

Men will go on to the end of time discussing and disputing over the character of Napoleon. There was much in him that was admirable; much that deserves our respect and praise. How much of the errors of his life were due to a sincere love of his country and a desire to serve her, we shall never know. "Fortune spoiled him" might well be written as an epitaph on his monument. Before he was thirty years old he was the master of great power and the mover of great events. Without condoning his faults we can at least express a wonder that amid the glare of earthly glory and temptation this man should remain so strong, so brave, so resolute, so virtuous to the end. No one who studies the changes wrought in France and throughout Europe as a result of his life can say that his career was an un-mixed evil. He broke down everywhere the barriers of custom and prejudice, and taught the equality of men before the law as they had never learned it before. Distinctions of caste built upon hereditary right gave place to distinctions grounded upon merit. Napoleon was

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a despot and a tyrant, but, in the main, he used his despotism and his tyranny to establish law and order, to spread the blessings of education and to elevate true manhood and womanhood.

THE END.





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